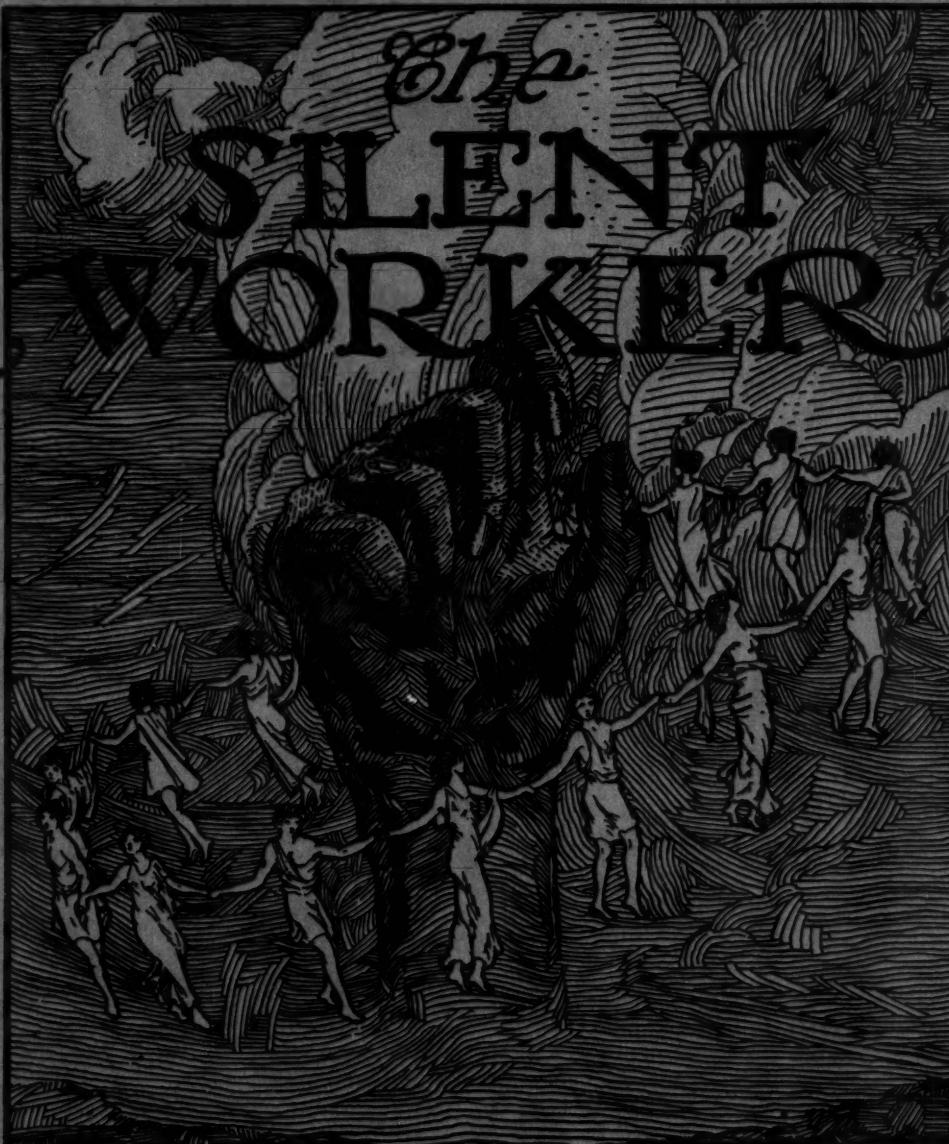


A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z



February 1928

Dactylology.

Vol. 40
No. 5

25 Cents
the copy

The National Association of the Deaf *and* *The Silent Worker*

**THE ORGANIZATION THAT WORKS FOR A
SQUARE DEAL FOR ALL THE DEAF:**

In the matter of employment
In the application of liability, compensation, and
traffic laws
In State and National Labor Bureaus
In the Civil Service
In the classification of schools
In the methods of instruction

NATIONAL IN SCOPE
Membership, \$1.00.

**THE ORGANIZATION THAT STANDS FOR THE
WELFARE OF ALL THE DEAF:**

For educational improvement, development and extension
For intellectual, professional and industrial advancement
For the education of the public as to the Deaf
For the suppression of impostors posing as "deaf and
dumb"
For the Endowment fund of the Association
For a memorial to De l'Epee

NATIONAL IN UTILITY
\$1.00 a year thereafter.

We don't mind losing money in order to boost the N. A. D., because - - -

1. The Silent Worker and the N. A. D. serve identical purposes; both strive to boost the Deaf in every way possible.
2. We wish every subscriber of our magazine to be a member of the N. A. D. and every member to be a subscriber of our magazine.
3. We know that once the N. A. D. and our magazine are introduced to you, they will prove what they claim to be—THE GREATEST ORGANIZATION AND THE BEST MAGAZINE OF THE DEAF, FOR THE DEAF, AND BY THE DEAF.
4. We are out to double the membership of the N. A. D. and the circulation of our magazine. We don't care if we entail a loss of 50 cents on every subscription so long as we boost the membership of the N. A. D.

The Silent Worker

This MAGAZINE is always found in the homes of all up-to-date deaf and on the tables of many of their hearing friends. It keeps you posted on what is taking place in the world of the Deaf. It gives you viewpoints not brought out in any other paper of the Deaf.

The SILENT WORKER tells you everything which the deaf and their friends are doing. It keeps you in step with the accomplishments of the deaf. Foreign deaf frequently contribute articles to this magazine. It has a corps of distinguished staff writers who are always on the alert to give first hand impressions about the deaf.

Ten Big Issues and N.A.D. Dues
All for \$2.50

The Silent Worker

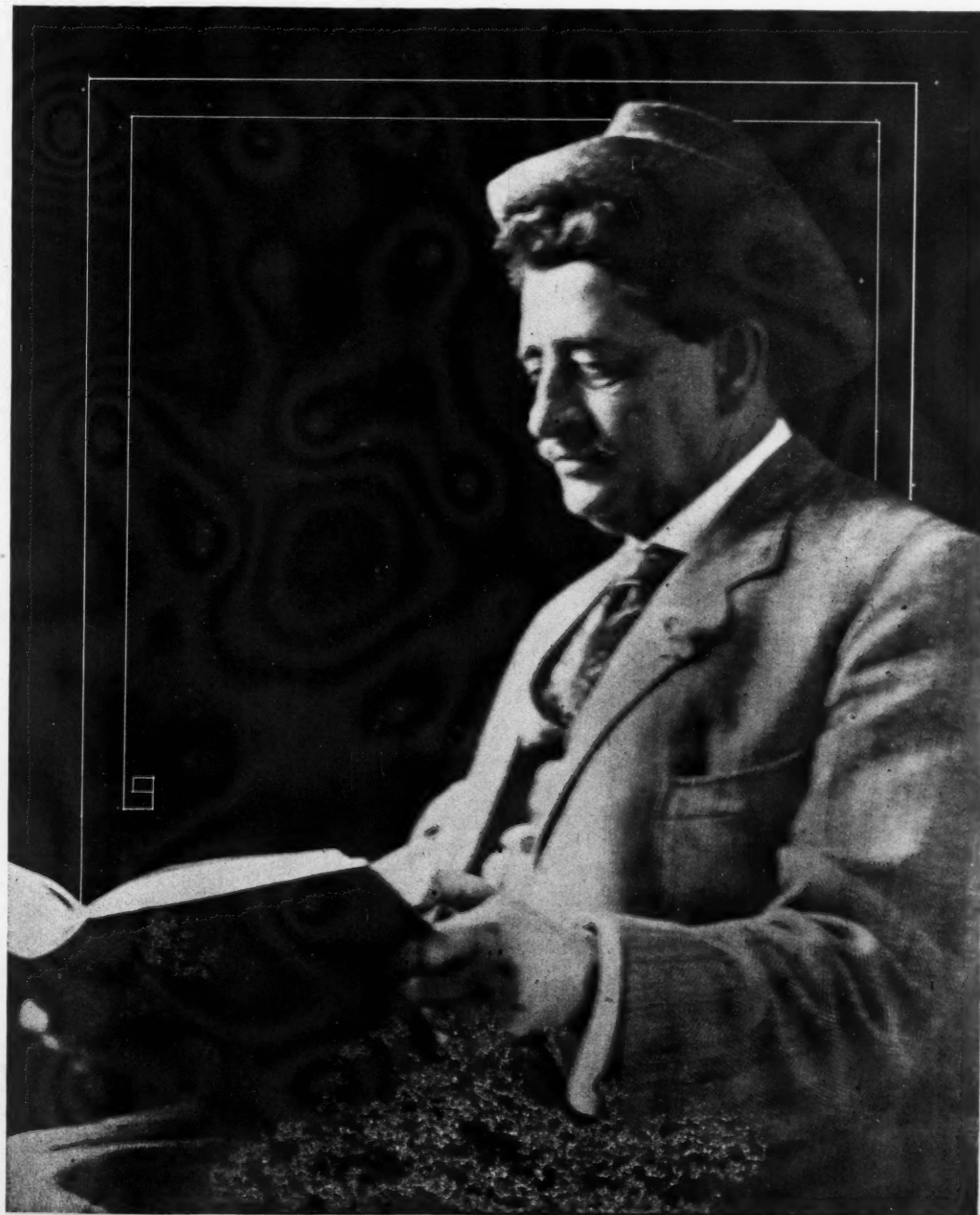
An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World

Volume 40. No. 5

Trenton, N. J., February, 1928

25 Cents a Copy

Deaf Persons of Note



Theophilus H. d'Estrella. Teacher, writer and lecturer. First pupil of the California School for the Deaf. See pages 197, 198, 199, in this issue for further information

Table of Contents

	PAGE
A Good Child Just a Little Spoiled	John B. Watson 171
Mr. Duflo, Florist of Lake Charles	T. S. Williams 174
Little Journeys in Bohemia	Kelly H. Stevens 177
Angelenograms	Augusta K. Barrett 182
With the Silent Workers	Alexander L. Pach 184
Nadio	J. Frederick Meagher 186
Editorials	192
National Association of the Deaf	Frederick A. Moore 194
Christmas at the Detroit Association of the Deaf	196
The Argonaut	J. W. Howson 197
Sports in General	Frederick A. Moore 200
Reuben S. Weaver, a Skillful Wood-worker	202
A Letter by Laurent Clère	203
The Long Horns	Troy E. Hill 204
The Deaf in Czechoslovakia	V. B. Hauner 206
Criticism	Thomas A. Gray 207
Mayor of Portland Endorses Tuberculosis Cure	209
More Publicity about the Deaf	210
Of Interest to the Housewife	Betty Barclay 211
The Deaf World	Emily Sterck 212



A Good Child Just A Little Spoiled

How? and by whom? "Most often by Mother who loves him too much to let him alone," says Dr. Watson, continuing here his arresting series on the new psychology of child training

By John B. Watson

(Reprinted by permission from the January issue of McCall's Magazine)



NCE at the close of a lecture before parents, a dear old lady got up and said, "Thank God, that my children are grown—and that I had a chance to enjoy them before I met you."

Doesn't she express here the weakness in our modern way of bringing up children? We have children to enjoy them. We need to express our love in some way. The honeymoon period don't last forever with all husbands and wives and we eke it out in a way we think is harmless by loving our children to death. Isn't this especially true of mothers today? No matter how much she may love her husband, he is away all day; her heart is full of love which she must express in some way. She expresses it by showering love and kisses upon her children—and thinks the world should laud her for it. *And it does.*

Not long ago I went riding with two boys aged four and two, their mother, grandmother and nurse. In the course of the two-hour ride one of the children was kissed thirty-two times—four by his mother, eight by the nurse and twenty times by the grandmother. The other child was almost equally smothered in love.

But there are not many mothers like that, you say—mothers are getting modern, they do not kiss and fondle their children nearly so much as they used to. Unfortunately this is not true. I once let slip in a lecture some of my ideas on the dangers lurking in the mother's kiss. Immediately, thousands of newspapers wrote scathing editorials on "Don't kiss the baby." Hundreds of letters poured in. Judging from them, kissing the baby to death is about as popular a spot as it ever was except for a very small part of our population.

Is it just the hard heartedness of the behaviorist—his lack of sentiment—that makes him object to kissing? Not at all. There are serious rocks ahead for the overly kissed child. Before I name them I want to explain how love grows up.

In my first article, I pointed out that laboratory studies

showed that we can bring out a love response in a newborn child by just one stimulus—*by stroking its skin*. This means that there is no "instinctive" love of the child for the parents, nor for any other person or object. It means that all affection, be it parental, child for parent or love between the sexes, is built up with such bricks and mortar.

A great many parents who have much too much sentiment in their make-up, feel that when the behaviorist announces this he is robbing them of all the sacredness and sweetness in the child-parent relationship. Parents feel that it is just natural that they should love their children in this tangible way and that they should be similarly loved by the child in return. Some of the most tortured moments come when parents have had to be away from their nine-months-old babies for a stretch of three weeks.

When they part from it, the child gurgles, coos, holds out its arms and shows every evidence of deepest parental love. Three weeks later when they return the child turns to the attendant who has in the interim fondled and petted it and put the bottle to the sensitive lips. The infant child loves whoever strokes and feeds it.

It is true that parents have got away from rocking their children to sleep. You find the cradle with rockers on it now in exhibits of early American furniture. You will say that we have made progress in this respect at any rate. This is true.

Dr. Holt's book on the care of the infant can take credit for this education. But it is doubtful if mothers would have given it up if home economics had not demanded it.

Mothers found that if they started training the infant at birth, it would learn to go to sleep without rocking. This gave the mother more time for household duties, gossiping, bridge and shopping. Dr. Holt suggested it; the economic value of the system was easy to recognize.

But it doesn't take much time to pet and kiss the baby. You can do it when you pick him up from the crib after a nap, when you put him to bed, and especially after his bath. What more delectable to the mother than to kiss her chubby baby from head to



Toys and the rest of the world have lost their charm.

foot after the bath! And it takes so little time!

To come back to the mechanics of love and affection. Loves grow up in children just like fears. Loves are home-made, built in. In other words loves are *conditioned*. You have everything at hand all day long for setting up conditioned love responses. The touch of the skin takes the place of the steel bars, the sight of the mother's face takes the place of the rabbit in the experiments with fear. The child sees the mother's face when she pets it. Soon, the mere sight of the mother's face calls out the love responses. The touch of the skin is no longer necessary to call it out. A conditioned love reaction has been formed. Even if she pats the child in the dark, the sound of



He must have time to pull his universe apart

her voice as she croons soon comes to call out a love response. This is the psychological explanation of the child's joyous reactions to the sound of the mother's voice. So with her footsteps, the sight of the mother's clothes, of her photograph. All too soon the child gets shot thru with too many of these love reactions. In addition the child gets honeycombed with love responses from the nurse for the father and for any other constant attendant who fondles it. Love reactions soon dominate the child. It requires no instance, no "intelligence," no "reasoning" on the child's part for such responses to grow up.

To understand the end results of too much coddling, let us examine some of our own adult behavior. Nearly all of us have suffered from over-coddling in our infancy. How does it show? It shows as *invalidism*. As adults we have too many aches and pains. I rarely ask anybody with whom I am constantly thrown how he feels or how he slept last night, that, almost invariably, if I am a person he doesn't have to keep up a front around, I get the answer, "Not very good." If I give him a chance, he expatiates along one of the following lines—"My digestion is poor; I have a constant headache; my muscles ache like fire; I am all tired out; I don't feel young any more; my liver is bad; I have a bad taste in my mouth"—and so on through the whole gamut of ills. Now these people have nothing wrong with them that the doctors can locate—and now with the wonderful technique physicians have developed, the doctor can usually find out if anything is wrong. The individual who was not taught in his youth by his mother to be dependent, is one who comes to adult life too busy with his work to note the tiny mishaps that occur in his bodily makeup. When we are deeply engaged in our work, we never note them. Can you imagine an aviator flying in a fog or making a landing in a difficult field wondering whether his luncheon is going to digest?

We note these ills when our routine of work no longer thrills us. We have been taught from infancy to report

every little ill, to talk about our stomach, our elimination processes, and the like. We have been allowed to avoid the doing of boresome duties by reporting them, such as staying away from school and getting relieved from sharing in the household chores. And above all, we have, by reporting them, got the tender solicitude of our parents and the kisses and coddling of our mothers. Mother fights our battles for us and stands between us and the things we try to avoid doing.

But society doesn't do this. We have to stick to our jobs in commercial and professional life regardless of headaches, toothaches, indigestion and other tiny ailments. There is no one there to baby us. If we cannot stand this treatment we have to go back home where love and affection can again be commandeered. If at home we cannot get enough coddling by ordinary means, we take to our arm-chairs or even to our beds. Thereafter we are in a secure position to demand constant coddling.

The mother coddles the child for two reasons. One she doesn't admit because she doesn't know that it is true. The one she admits is that she wants the child to be happy, she wants it to be surrounded by love in order that it may grow up to be a kindly, good-natured child. The other is that her whole being cries out for the expression of love. Her mother before her has trained her to give and receive love. She is starved for love—affection as she prefers to call it. It is at bottom a sex seeking response in her, else she would never kiss the child on the lips. Certainly, to satisfy her professed reason for coddling, kissing the youngster on the forehead, on the back of the hand, patting it on the head once in a while, would be all the petting needed for a baby to learn that it is growing up in a kindly home.

But even granting that the mother thinks she kisses the child for the perfectly logical reason of implanting the proper amount of affection and kindness in it, does she succeed? That fact I brought out before, that we rarely see a happy child, is proof to the contrary. The fact that

our children are always crying and always whining shows the unhappy, unwholesome state they are in. Their digestion is interfered with and probably their whole glandular system is deranged.

There is a sensible way of treating children. Treat them as though they were young adults. Dress them, bathe them with what care and circumspection you may, but let your behavior always be objective and kindly firm. Never hug and kiss them, never let them sit in our lap. If you must, kiss them once on the forehead when they say good night. Shake hands with them in the morning. Give them



Out in the back yard for a large part of the day

a pat on the head if they have done an extraordinary good job of a difficult task. Try is out. In a week's time you will find how easy it is to be perfectly objective with you child and at the same time kind'y. You will be utterly

ashamed of the mawkish, sentimental way you have been handling your child.

If you expected a dog to grow up and be useful as a watch dog, a bird dog, a fox hound, useful for anything except a lap dog, you wouldn't dare treat it the way you treat your child. When I hear a mother say "Bless it



Keep her busy doing things, instead of not doing things

little heart" when it falls down, or stubs its toe or suffers some other ill, I usually have to walk a block or two to let off steam. Can't the mother train herself when something happens to the child to look at its hurt without saying anything and if there is a wound to dress it in a matter-of-fact way? And then as the child gets older, can she not train him to go and find the boracic and the bandages and treat his own wounds? Can't she train herself to substitute a kindly word, a smile, in all of her dealings with the child, for the kiss and the hug, the pick up and coddling? Above all, can't she learn to keep away from the child a large part of the day since love conditioning must grow up anyway, even when scrupulously guarded against, through feeding and bathing? I sometimes wish that we could live in a community of homes where each home is supplied with a well-trained nurse that we could have the babies fed and bathed each week by a different nurse. Not long ago I had the opportunity to observe a child who had had an overly sympathetic and tender nurse for a year and a half. This nurse had to leave. When a new nurse came, the infant cried for three hours, letting up only long enough to get his breath now and then. This nurse had to leave at the end of a month and a new nurse came. This time the infant cried only half an hour when the nurse took charge of him. Again, as often happens in well regulated homes, the second nurse only stayed two weeks. When the third nurse came, the child went to her without a murmur. Somehow I can't help wishing that it were possible to rotate the mothers occasionally too, unless they are very sensible indeed. Certainly a mother, when necessary, ought to leave her child for a long enough period for over-conditioning to die down. If you haven't a nurse and cannot leave the child, put it out in the backyard a large part of the day. Build a fence around the yard so that you are sure no harm can come to it. Do

this from the time it is born. When it can crawl, give it its sandpile and be sure to dig some small holes in the yard so it has to crawl in and out of them. Let it learn to overcome difficulties almost from the first moment of birth. It should learn to conquer difficulties away from your watchful eye. It should not get commendation and notice and petting every time it does something it ought to be doing anyway. If your heart is too tender and you must watch the child, make yourself a peephole so that you can see the child without being seen, or use a periscope. But above all when anything does happen, don't let your child see your trepidation, but handle the situation as a trained nurse or a doctor would and, finally, learn not to talk in endearing and coddling terms.

Nest habits, which come from coddling, are really pernicious evils. The boys or girls who have nest habits deeply imbedded suffer torture when they have to leave home to go into business, to enter school, to get married—in general, whenever they have to break away from the parents to start life on their own. Inability to break nest habits is probably our most prolific source of divorce.

In conclusion won't you then remember when you are tempted to pet your child that mother love is a dangerous instrument? An instrument which may inflict a never healing wound, a wound which may make infancy unhappy, adolescence a nightmare, which may wreck your adult son or daughter's vocational future and martial happiness.

QUEEN BEAUTY OF MANHATTAN



Rose Agnes Quartararo (Deaf-Mute,) one of the beauty contest winners, chosen by the well known judges at the picnic under the auspices of Bronx Division No. 92 N. F. S. D. last July 23rd. The judges were Max Lubin, Hymen Beck and Benjamin Baca. Rose Quartararo is a very charming young lady, has pretty black bobbed hair, white pearly teeth, dark complexion, brown eyes and a perfect 36. She is 24 years old, single and was born in New York.

Mr. Duflot, Florist of Lake Charles

By C. S. Williams



FIRST encountered Mr. Duflot, of Lake Charles, La., some six years ago. During an enforced stop-over between trains in his home town, an enterprising taxi driver, sensing my situation, and scenting a fare, approached me.

He wiggled his fingers engagingly, jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the residence section, and motioned me to hop into his taxi.

"Is the man worth while," I enquired dubiously.

The driver wagged his head insistently and told me to come on and see for myself.

I was driven into the center of the city's residence section, led across a beautifully kept lawn and around behind an attractive two-story dwelling.

There, in his smaller green-house, immediately behind his residence, the deaf florist was hurrying about his work of gathering and wrapping plants for shipment.

He looked and talked like an over-worked farmer engaged in a desperate struggle against a mortgage and a grouch.

He informed me that he was very busy and working over-time. He also looked over his shoulder and scowled at an assistant, who slackened speed upon my arrival.

I took the hint and offered to retire, adding that I would be pleased to meet him at the depot that night while waiting for my train.

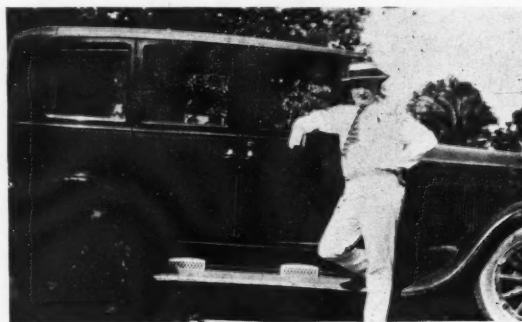
Mr. Duflot nearly wept.

"Me go down to the depot at night?" said he, "I

I must have rest and sleep at night."

I left him thinking of the old proverb about what all work and no play will do to Jack.

The deaf man up town over the taxi driver's shoulder had not proven worth while and I felt that I had been



George Duflot and his Buick

stung in the sum of fifty cents—when I paid fare of that amount.

So much for first impressions.

Years later, when I came to know Mr. Duflot well, I was surprised to find him quite a congenial companion and a loyal friend.

He was simply suffering from the effects of prolonged and intense efforts at the time I first met him.

With the crisis in his early business career past and the man well on his feet, he is now in position to enjoy life and help others do the same.

As our acquaintance grew, I found him to be quite as jovial a friend as one could wish to have—in his leisure hours.

And, speaking of leisure, of late Mr. Duflot appears to have had all sorts of time, including over-time, to burn,—judging by the lengths to which he has gone in trying to play practical jokes on me.

Ask any well-informed business man of Lake Charles what Duflot, the Florist, is worth today, and I shall be surprised if he names any sum under \$30,000.00.

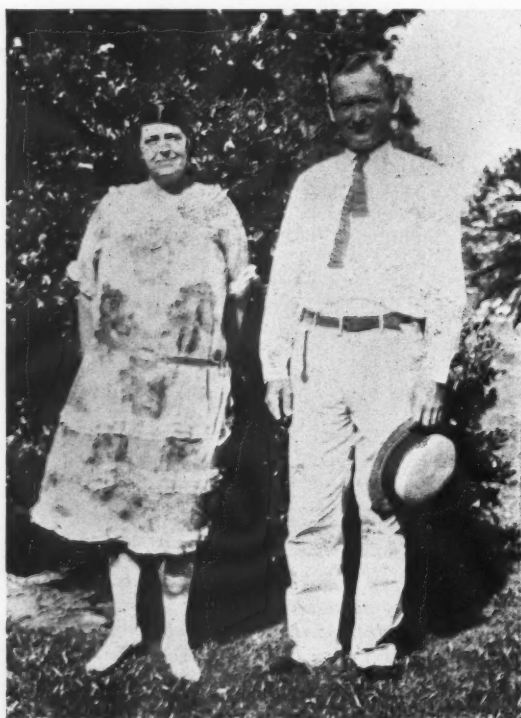
Since he has no partner other than the good wife, he does not keep complete accounts of his business, but estimates his gross receipts at around \$8,000.00 annually. After all expenses of running the business is taken from this, there is always ample left for a good living, and almost constant improvement of his plant.

It was a lucky accident that led our friend into the business of the plant-grower and the florist.

George Spencer Duflot was educated at the Kentucky school. He first came to Lake Charles to work as a wood turner. Thanks to the training received at the above institution, he was able to make more than \$6.00 per day, while many of the hearing employes in other departments of the saw-mill were drawing as low as \$1.25 per day.

During his latter days at school Mr. Duflot had liked baseball and Belle Clements so well that he could not study very well at his books.

After graduation he forsook baseball, but married Belle Clements and has continued to like her for nearly one quarter of a century.



Mr. and Mrs. George Duflot

run down to that depot ten times a day with flowers and plants.

Available evidence tends to show that the lady has not suffered greatly from the protracted siege.

She is still voted vivacious and pretty.

Being thrifty, the Duflots soon saved enough to buy a town lot. Next they built a home thereon, Mr. Dufлот doing most of the work of evenings and in spare moments.

They also kept chickens and a vegetable garden.

Sometimes the chickens paid for the year, sometimes they did not. The garden always paid well.

One spring the accident happened that led them into their present business.

They could find no vegetable plants on the market for re-setting in their own garden, so were forced to grow their own.

They were surprised to find that the demand for these plants exceeded their supply.

They sold \$25.00 worth of these plants the first year.

Profiting by this experience, they increased their planting next year. The demand increased in proportion.

The fifth year they sold \$500.00 worth.

Next year, with the addition of a few varieties of flower plants, which could be grown from seeds, they far exceeded this figure.

It was then that Mr. Dufлот decided to retire from his work as a wood turner and devote himself entirely to the development of his own business.

The florist business developed rapidly.

In all Mr. Dufлот has had to erect four greenhouses, the largest two being each 20 by 100 feet in floor space.

And this despite the fact that the greater part of his products may be grown out-of-doors in this mild Southern climate. Lake Charles is only 50 miles from the Gulf of Mexico.

Our mild winters are a very important factor in keeping down expenses, only a movable oil-heater being necessary for the protection of the flowers and plants in the greenhouses on the coldest nights.

Mr. Dufлот does the bulk of delivering his products in his truck. His beautiful and capable daughter, who now regularly presides over his office, sometimes is pressed into service to deliver a small order in the family



This car speaks for itself

Buick. Outside of school hours his twelve-year old son, on his bicycle, is also useful.

Mr. Dufлот is truly a self-taught florist.

He has never worked in the employ of another man at the business.

His greatest assistance in acquiring a mastery of the business has come from the trade journals.

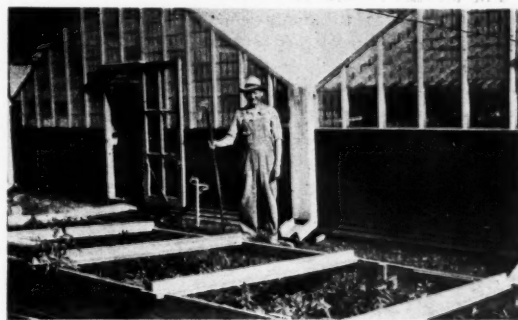
So far, the largest single order which Mr. Dufлот has received netted him \$500.00 in little more than a day.

He took a contract to decorate a church for a wedding involving two of the most prominent families of his home town. He not only furnished all the flowers and potted plants, but also, with his assistants, including Mrs. Dufлот attended to decorating the church with them.

The excellence of this work won much praise from far and near—and many smaller orders for similar work.

The securing of reliable help has often proven a serious problem to Mr. Dufлот.

He relates how one man proved perfectly faithful and



George Dufлот at work

knew the work well, but was distractingly slow and had to be turned off.

Another man, good all around, had to be turned off because his domestic affairs threatened to culminate in tragedy sooner or later.

It came to my knowledge that still another employee was in the habit of plucking the choicest flowers and presenting them to lady patrons.

"But, what will Mr. Dufлот say," the ladies were wont to ask.

The habitual answer to this question was as cheerful as it was false: "That is all right, mum. Him and me is pardners."

"I fired that fool," exclaimed Dufлот, when I imparted my knowledge to him. To emphasize our old, familiar sign for discharge, which is so suggestive of beheading a man with a meat cleaver, Mr. Dufлот raised up on his toes and came down on his heels. Then he charged the man with having pocketed the proceeds from many sales.

Mrs. Dufлот tells of still another employee, who was given to misunderstanding orders.

On one occasion Mr. Dufлот set this man to hoeing in a small patch of tube roses, after carefully explaining the difference between the young rose blades and the grass. In the absence of the florist, the employee reduced the patch to the levelness—and the barrenness of a billiard table.

Observing the havoc upon his return, Mr. Dufлот leaped into the air.

Before he came down he had exclaimed "W-H-Y, —?"

When he did come down, he gave the man full pay and ordered him off the premises.

Mr. Dufлот is, by nature, a very aggressive man.

In social gatherings of the deaf he likes to "hold the floor."

He is usually able to get away with it, as he possesses a native wit and has about as quick a brain as the late lamented Harry Greb.

While fully realizing the value of politeness and a gentle touch, and using same wherever it is called for,

Mr. Dufлот shows his aggressiveness more in his business affairs than anywhere else.

A co-operative building scheme was launched in Mr. Dufлот's home town some years ago.

An architect, a building contractor, and various other business men had signed contracts and made deposits with the promoter.

Then Mr. Dufлот was approached and offered a contract to beautify the grounds with his flowers and shrubs.

The scheme looked very good to him.

While he was to await sale of the property before collecting his money, the returns would be very large.

So he signed the proffered contract and deposited \$75.00 to start the ball rolling.

In his enthusiasm over his new venture, he motored to the site of the proposed buildings.

There he stood aghast and realized that he had learned the lesson which comes to us all in time—to carefully



View in Greenhouse, concrete benches

scrutinize every business proposition offered us and not trust to the judgment or integrity of others who have, or are believed to have, gone into the scheme.

The location was such that the buildings could not possibly sell at a fair price. Mr. Dufлот had no doubt of this. He immediately sought for the promoter, with the intention of asking release from his contract.

The promoter had left town, leaving behind a local agent, who refused to reveal his whereabouts and informed Mr. Dufлот that he had no authority to release any one from their contracts with the promoter.

Did Mr. Dufлот go to a high-priced lawyer for advice?

Oh, no. He thought out his best avenue of escape with his usual quickness. He jumped into his Buick and sought out in turn, and with all possible haste, all the other local men who had signed contracts with the promoter.

It was easy work to convince these men of the impracticability of the scheme and to gain their pledges that they would not go through with the contracts.

These men kept their pledges, and were saved hundreds of dollars of losses as was also Mr. Dufлот.

When the local representative of the promoter found that the scheme had been knocked out, he was fully as furious as Dufлот had been in discovering the flaw in the proposition.

He immediately sought out Dufлот and threatened to bring suit for damages. Dufлот, who was still angry, told him to go ahead—... but the suit has not yet materialized. My bet is that it never will.

It grieves me to observe that over the loss of his initial deposit of \$75.00 Mr. Dufлот is still enraged some \$750.00 worth.

Let no reader get the idea that the business of the florist is a bed of roses.

In addition to requiring seven days of work in the week throughout the year, weather conditions also must be reckoned with, despite the fact that much of the products are grown under the protection of glass.

Just now Mr. Dufлот is wondering if, after all, there is not some truth in the old saying that: "It never rains but it pours."

His chrysanthemums have always been his main winter crop. They require cool weather to make their best growth.

The unusually warm weather of this fall has cut down the quality of his "mums" fully one half.

All Saints' Day has always been a big money day for him. This year he was forced to order "mums" from Denver for his Hal'owe'en trade.

Ordering cut flowers from a far is always a big gamble, as Mr. Dufлот assures me.

The flowers he received were even inferior to his own. He counted himself lucky that he was barely able to break even on them.

As if that were not enough, Mr. Dufлот had fully \$300.00 worth of all vegetable plants booked for delivery after the first good rain.

The good rain failed to come—even in this very humid climate—until the plants were all too old.

This does not mean a loss of \$300.00 out of the pocket of the florist. The plants were grown from seed which cost very little, and the labor of growing them was not great. The labor comes mostly in the gathering and packing or shipment.

Still, Mr. Dufлот, just like you and I, would love to feel the bulge of an additional \$300.00 in his pockets.

Since some of our l. p. f. have fallen into the habit of exploiting certain persons as "the only deaf man who ever did this," "The only deaf man who ever did that," and even, and erroneously, "The only deaf man who was ever a policeman," I make bold to name George Spencer Dufлот, of Lake Charles, La., as the only deaf man who ever used a monkey as a policeman.

Somewhere along the historic Old Spanish Trail, which runs through Lake Charles, Mr. Dufлот had rented a small acreage, which he devoted entirely to the growing of tube roses.

He was much annoyed by passing autoists, who would invade his patch and depart with all the flowers they cared to take, without leaving behind even their thanks.

Probably these persons reasoned that since so big a thing as a pumpkin is not missed out of a field, how could anyone miss a nice, sizeable bouquet of tube roses out of a patch containing thousands of them?

A friendly grocer, whose store adjoined the plot of flowers and who owned a pet monkey, came to the rescue.

By agreement with our florist friend, whenever invaders were seen in the patch, Jocko was taken out on the gallery and a revolver, loaded with blanks, placed in his hands.

When the monkey pulled the trigger there was always a circus in that rose garden.

Anna Chambers—"And at the end of his letter he put a couple of x's. What does that mean?"

Frances Germon—"Simple, girl; it means he's double crossing you."

Helen Schofield—"What could be more nerveracking than to Black Bottom with a man who had a woolen leg?"

Emma Logan—"Easy, dearie, easy. Wait expectantly for a man to wink at you when he has a glass eye."

Little Journeys in Bohemia

By Kelly H. Stevens

(Continued from last month)

La Vie Parisienne



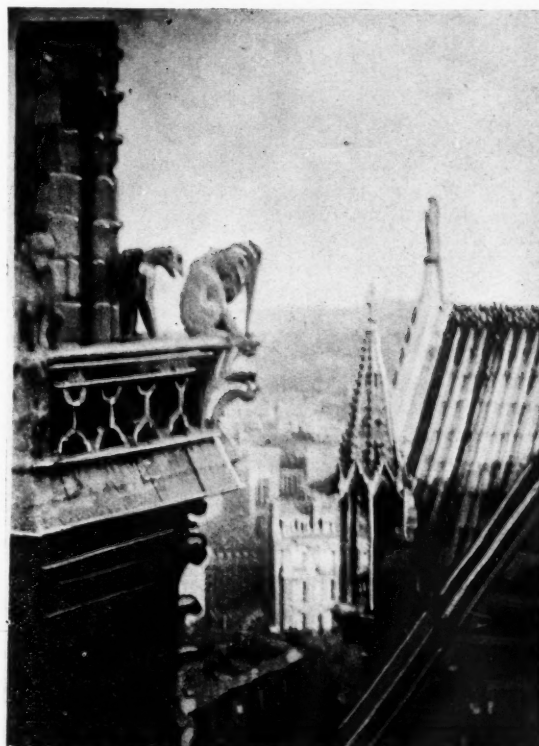
ELL, I moved last week—out of the pension into a little hotel No. 6 Place de l'Odeon on the square where the National Theatre of the Odeon stands—and will try restaurant living for a while. The place has some advantages as to site but is not so homelike and comfortable as the pension was, so I guess I'll return to the pension later. Just now I am trying restaurant after restaurant and gaining a wide variety of experience, both in gastronomy and in reading menus. On this street is an American restaurant (so-called) which I hailed with glee, but dropped after one trial. All the dishes on the menu were American in name, but such poor imitations of the real thing, at twice the prices, that I did not go back.

The French can't be beat, tho, in their own cuisine. Then, I found another place that is awfully good in every way—except that the patronage is more than half coon. There have been lots of mulattoes in there every time I have gone—even the restaurant cat is black—so I've sponged that off my list with regret, for the cooking is awfully good, the place clean and the prices right. I'm going to eat a block further down on the Boulevard St. Germain where the majority of American students eat. There are lots of nice, small places there.

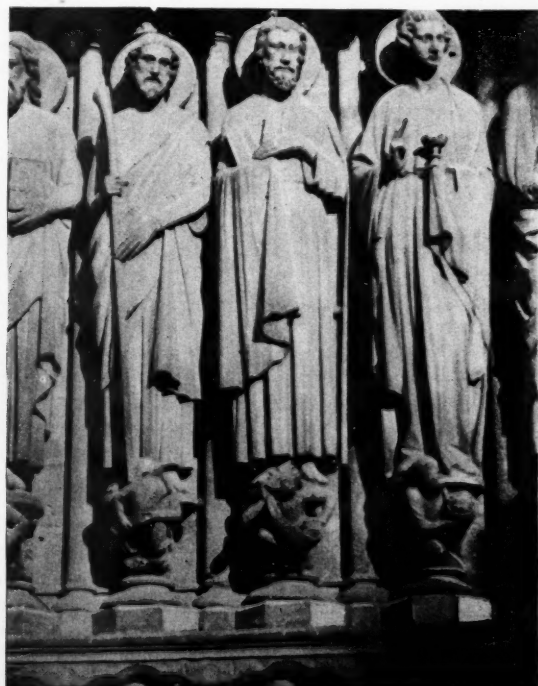
November 27th.

The time has flown so fast I can't realize that it is nearly Christmas time. There won't be any Christmas

for me this year—there is really no Christmas, as we know it, in France. There is not the same rush of holiday buying, the decorated stores, the Santa Clauses, etc. It is merely a church festival with the French, tho kept for the children in a lesser degree than with us. They are taken the day before Christmas to see the *Creche* at church—a little manger fitted up with a rep-



Gargoyles dreaming among the spires of Notre Dame.
Far below, the old city.



"The Four Evangelists" on the portals of Notre Dame

resentation of the Nativity. Christmas Eve, the kids put their shoes around the fireplace or radiator and find gifts in them the next morning.

The big day here is the *Jour de l'An*, New Year's Day. Then gifts are given, and the French feast and drink and call on their friends to wish them *Bonne Annee*—a good year.

A cafe here is not a place where you can order meals. In America we use the word wrongly for "restaurant." A cafe is a drinking place only, and you get anything from tea and coffee up to the strongest liquor, except absinthe, which is prohibited now. The cafes are the Frenchmen's clubs. They sit in them whole evenings, talking with their friends, playing games of cards or dominoes, reading, or writing letters. Drinking is only a minor affair. If you order one or two drinks you can stay for hours. I sometimes wonder how the cafes make any profit when their guests stay so long and drink so little. Drinks are very cheap. A cup of coffee is the equivalent of three cents, a large glass of beer is four

cents, and small glasses of the rich, sweet liqueurs are five to ten cents. The same amount of near beer at home is twenty cents, and in the larger cities you pay fifty to seventy-five cents for three fingers of whiskey, and not genuine stuff at that. Now, don't be alarmed—I'm not drinking whiskey or liquors, tho I confess to a liking for light wines and beer. They are very weak here.



A "Boucherie Chevaline"

You could not get drunk on table wine if you drank a barrel. The French are very temperate people. As yet I've seen only two drunken men since I came, tho I couldn't swear they were French. One of them was "seeing things" on the sidewalk, and the other was trying to conduct a Holy Roller revival in a metro car.

You would find the stores here extremely interesting. Speciality shops are the rule here, tho there are a few large department stores. Suppose you set out to buy your day's supply of groceries. You cannot get them all in one place, as at home. You get the bread and cakes at a baker's shop; the butter and cheese at a shop that sells only these commodities; the vegetables and fruit at a greengrocer's, and the meat at a butcher's shop; the fish at another place, and the milk at a "laiterie." So you see it takes lots of work to assemble your dinner. The line between different kinds of shops is sharply drawn. The nearest thing here to a grocery store is an *epicerie* which really sells only canned goods. You recognize the word *spice* in *epicerie*—before the invention of canning foods were preserved in spices and the name has just stuck.

There are three kinds of butcher shops alone: first, the *charcuterie*, where only pork and pork products are sold, second the *boucherie*, where you get veal, beef and mutton, and third the *boucherie chevaline* which sells horse meat as well as other kinds. The poor eat horse meat because it is so cheap. It is said to be very tough and strong-flavored. The shops that sell it have horse heads of brass above their doors. This morning I saw a

string of poor, decrepit old horses being driven to slaughter.

The names over shops are always interesting. A firm name or personal name is rather rare. "The Land of Fire" is a china and crockery store. "At the Thousand Fires" is a jeweler's. "To the Happiness of Women," appropriately enough, sells women's clothing. "The Chauffeurs' Meeting Place," "At the Good Corner," "The Two Baboons" and the "Little Neapolitan" are cafes. These are just a few I can recollect off-hand. There are odd signs used. A dyeing and cleaning place hangs out a long strip of red cloth; a men's hat store a red cardinal's hat with long tassels; a barber shop a bunch of black hair fastened into a golden ball; a bank the three golden balls that the pawnshops use back home. Sometimes the signs are living ones. Every day I pass a funny little dwarf who sits in a photographer's door and bawls out his wares. He is ugly enough to frighten customers away.

Then there are numerous occupations carried on in the open air. Besides the out-door markets, the flower markets on the Cite and at the Madeleine, and the rag fairs, there are the famous book stalls along the Seine embankment on the left side. There are picturesque street occupations like knife grinding, crockery mending, and umbrella repairing. The mender of broken windows goes about with a rack on his back, carrying in it large panes of glass. He looks up, searching for broken window panes and if he sees one, stands by the house calling his trade cry until some one sends for him to fix the window. I sometimes wonder if the glazier doesn't go around and smash a few at night, just to get trade. By the way, there is a tax on windows here—you pay yearly, according to the number in your house.

It irritates me to be subject to so many petty taxes. I pay one on my hotel bill, and upon every receipt for money, every commercial paper that is given me, as well as the usual luxury taxes. All food that comes into the city pays a municipal tax, and of course the consumer pays it in the end. The French are subject to hosts and hosts of petty taxes. None of them are heavy, but the principle of the thing is irritating to an American. There seem to be



The famous book-stalls along the Seine.

so many useless officials and employees—French bureaucracy is rotten thru and thru. But heavy as French taxation is in the aggregate, it is light compared with taxes in Italy. Thank God that we live in a young, vigorous country, free from the customs and impositions of centuries where people can plan and do things on a big scale.

To offset some of these impositions there are numerous privileges and exemptions awarded to those who have accomplished things or received decorations like the

Legion of Honor, etc. One of my friends gets half fare on some railroads because he belongs to the Legion; another because he is the father of eight children; still another because he is an officer in various organizations. There is an elaborate system of honors, rewards and privileges—which I think we Americans are very well off without as long as we enjoy real freedom. Few people here can own



Saint Etienne du Mont, a more obscure church in an old quarter of Paris, containing the tomb of St. Genevieve.

cars, for example. They can *buy* them, but the yearly taxes on cars are so steep that people cannot *keep* them unless they are rich.

One Sunday, lately, I went out to Malmaison, a large house out in the country where Napoleon and Josephine lived many years before he became Emperor. It is kept up as a museum of Napoleonic relics—a very pretty and interesting place. Last Sunday I was rambling around and discovered one of the oldest and quaintest parts of Paris behind the Pantheon. I found the old Church of St. Stephen where Saint Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, is buried. She has been dead over a thousand years—it was startling to encounter a tomb so ancient. Genevieve lies in a great golden box dating from the Middle Ages, with scores of candles burning around her. She was a good woman who lived in Paris when it was little more than a village. She did much good in the town, helped the city thru a very critical time, and had so much good influence that they made a saint of her after death. She is supposed to have worked many miracles (after her death) to aid the city of Paris. Of course modern Paris doesn't care a fig for the good old woman in her golden box. She has been moved from church to church until she has descended from Notre Dame to a rather obscure church in an old quarter of Paris. I wonder that her relics survived the Revolution, when there was a general flinging of saints' bones into the streets and even Joan of Arc's were destroyed.

December 6th.

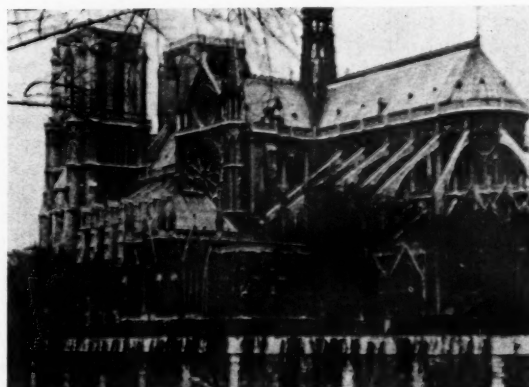
It has been terribly cold in Paris for the last few days—very unusual—below zero centigrade and three above fahrenheit. All the nymphs and tritons and Neptunes in the fountains have robes of ice, and the white marble statues in the parks seem so cold (they haven't any clo'es on) that they fairly make me shiver. My room is badly heated. The French do not heat their houses as much as we do ours, but muffle up instead.

December 7th.

The Herouards came in yesterday and I took them out for dinner. They have been so nice to me that I wanted to show some appreciation. They have just come back from ten days at Nice and Monte Carlo. And just after dinner they asked me out to a cafe for liqueurs. I had to go—it is etiquette here to ask your host out to a cafe after dinner. In fact the commonest way to acknowledge a favor is to ask your friend to a cafe for a drink and a chat, and there is no getting out of it. The cafe custom wastes lots of time, but while I am here I have to follow French etiquette, which is stricter than ours. The general rules for politeness hold good in both countries, but there are many differences. For example it is rude to use the abbreviations *M.* and *Mme.* for *Monsieur* and *Madame* on a letter, or when addressing some one in writing—while in America it is the usual thing to use Mr. and Mrs. In France one uses the abbreviations only when speaking of a third person. At home we fill up the guest's glass first. Here, the host pours a little wine into his own glass first, then fills the glasses of his guests, and lastly fills his own glass full. They say it is because there is a little scum or "dirt" in the wine at the top of the bottle, and politeness requires that the host drink the "dirt." I have looked repeatedly for the dirt on top but have never found the least bit of difference.

During these weeks of restaurant eating I have learned to eat snails! Don't shudder—they are delicious, really, roasted in their shells with a little butter, parsley and garlic. You pick them out with a tiny fork like an oyster fork. The meat is firm and black when cooked, and very tasty.

Judging by the window displays in mens' furnishing stores at this season, Frenchmen wear pink and purple

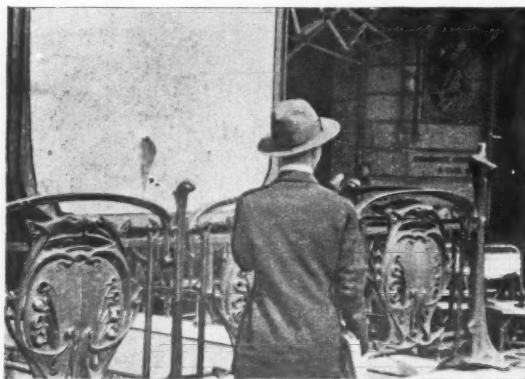


The grand old Cathedral viewed from the river.

underwear with flowery designs on it. Wouldn't I look sweet tricked out in French undies?"—but no, I had the foresight to bring over a year's supply of B. V. D.'s. Many of these Parisian men are terribly soft and effemin-

ate. They use perfume, keep their nails rouged and polished and wear plenty of jewelry. They use gloves the year around and carry canes. I often wonder how they held out so long against Germany. It must have been by force of sheer desperation.

Tho the French are a very military people, they certainly are not military or athletic-looking. Especially in crowds, in the subways, and on the streets, one is impressed by their lack of order and system. No sense of discipline at all. Pedestrians seem to have no rule



A "Metro" entrance. A map of all Paris with intersecting and connecting lines of subways is displayed at the entrance to every subway station, so that one may study out the route before entering.

for keeping to the right—they bump into each other, and you—and will stop and begin an argument in a subway door and keep a crowd from passing. In crowds, they bump along so slowly—altogether, to one attuned to the brisk pace of New York, the French are the pokiest people I know. I dislike them in crowds—they are so much like chickens or sheep. They have their own opinion of us however. To them we are "Les Américain toujours presse"—the Americans, always in a hurry.

The longer I stay in Paris, the better I like it—it does charm one in spite of all its objectionable features. I know I'll be sorry to leave next summer. Edward Libbrecht, my Flemish friend from northern France, and I are planning to do some hiking together in the spring or summer. He has a camping outfit that can be packed up and taken on the back, including a pup-tent; so we are planning all sorts of week-end jaunts to all the lovely spots of northern and central France. He is delighted to get some one to go with him, for he has been put to it to find some one else who loves tramping and camping. The French don't, as a rule. They love to stay indoors and eat rich foods, read, listen to music, and go to the theatre. Libbrecht brought his tent and outfit down to Paris and tried, this summer, to get other young deaf men to go with him. They said: "Why, with your tent and sleeping in forests—you're only a vagabond!"

My friend took me to the yearly meeting of a French camping club one night last week—an annual election meeting. In a city of four million people the club has but two hundred members, and only thirty were present that night! Some reflection on the French enthusiasm for sports and outdoor life.

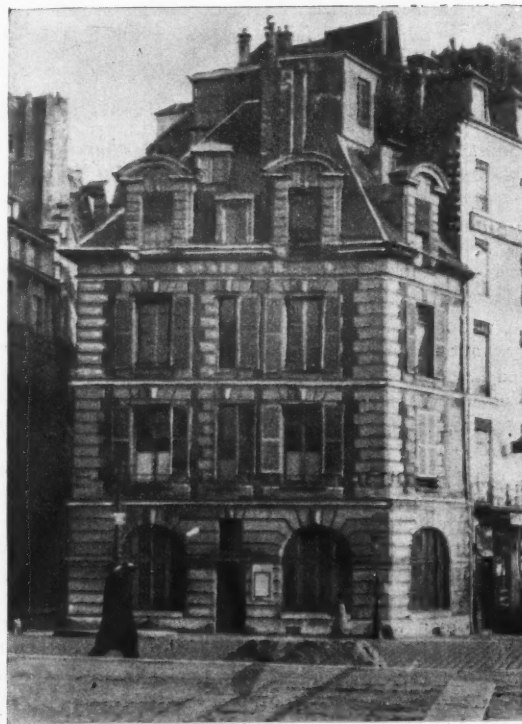
The present government has been in confusion for two months, unable to form a sound cabinet, and unable to find a solution to the financial question. And while they squabble, the franc goes down and down, and the

dollar up, until I get twenty seven francs for a dollar against twenty last year. I enjoy that part of it, but would rather see the franc stabilized, the present disorder cleared up and the reds put down. Why, the socialist government has given them permission to march and carry their red flags—and it has even forbidden patriotic demonstrations at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier! (On the ground that it hindered the traffic—the taxi drivers are nearly all socialists or reds.) This fall, a demonstration at the statue of Joan of Arc was forbidden for the same reason, but a bunch of young Royalists broke the cordon of police and placed wreaths on the statue just the same—then were arrested.

Well, I've decided to go to Spain for the Christmas holidays, and get away from the perpetual wetness and grayness of Paris. Valentin de Zubiaurre writes that he will do everything he can to make my stay in Madrid agreeable.

Of all good things, I have just received a big box of home-made candy from Her. I was grateful that she took the pains to go thru the proper red tape with the box, for it enabled the box to be delivered direct to my door, without any trouble on my part, and the payment of only a few cents. Before coming I warned my family and friends not to send me anything, owing to the difficulties of getting thru the Customs.

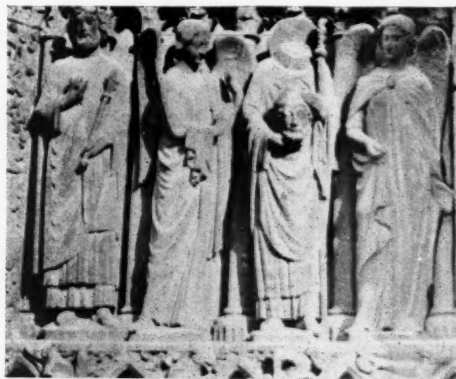
Witness the case of a well-meaning but dampfool friend whose gift giving propensities I had tried to stave off by explicitly asking that no gifts be sent me while abroad. He utterly disregarded my request. Lately I



The house of Madame Roland. Mounting the guillotine during the Revolution, she cried "Oh Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

had a notice from the customs that there was a package for me in the Paris customs. Of course my curiosity was piqued and I went to claim the package. Had I known what it was I would have let it go to Blazes!

Arriving at the Customs in a distant part of Paris, I showed my slip, and was passed through two offices until I found the right one. Here a man filled out *three* papers and demanded twenty-two francs and my signature in a large book. "But Monsieur," I wrote in French, "I think the package is a small one and twenty-two francs is too much." "But the balance is for storage," he said. I had forgotten what the charge on the notice slip was, but I thought it was three francs, so I asked him. He



Angels and martyrs on the portals of Notre Dame. Query: When a saint loses his head, does the halo follow the head, or stay behind the neck?

exploded right here: *On ne sait pas encore!* (One doesn't know any more) like our "How the Dickens should I know?"

I paid the 22 francs and was given a paper and told to look for Monsieur Girard. Monsieur Girard was finally found in one of the storage rooms and after he had finished several other details he went to look for my package. It was found. M. Girard opened it, examined the contents, made out a paper and I signed it. My property wasn't mine yet, it seemed. We went back to the explosive gentleman who received the paper from M. Girard, came back with me, looked at my parcel, tied it up, took it to another counter in another room and wrote *Attendez le vertification* (Wait to have it verified) I waited and waited. No one came for fifteen or twenty minutes. I was fuming, boiling, foaming, ready to go insane and slay upon sight my well-meaning friend. Finally I went and found M. Girard (he was the only one who had been nice, in spite of his walrus whiskers) and wrote. *Pardon, Monsieur, je suis presse (big hurry)*. Girard went and found an official who looked over my stuff and went into another office. He went in and out, in and out, each time telling me to wait. As if I had not waited two hours already! Finally the appraiser was ready and came out of the office. By this time I was nearly crazy. Three Customs officers (big men) and the appraiser came and undid my poor little package. Three big men, and one smaller one, four in all, seriously handling and discussing two poor little silk ties of a Christmas description! The ludicrousness of the whole thing struck me—my sense of humor came to the rescue and I had a good laugh. Another paper was made out and I paid six francs and was given the shoddy silk. I had to have another paper to leave the customs house gate. By my watch I had wasted exactly two and one half hours in the customs house, not counting the hour or more spent in going and coming to that distant part of Paris (by subway). I lost a whole morn-

ing when I needed the time urgently for preparations for Madrid, and kept the tailor waiting. With the 28 francs I could have bought two nicer ties in Paris where silk is cheap.

December 19th.

I want to tell you about the Ball of the two Dianas while the impression is fresh for I spent nearly all last night there. It is a grand masked ball given every year by the Russian artists of Paris—and all Paris is invited—goes—and *pays*. I have such a nice friend from Cleveland, Ohio. He is foreign buyer for the — Co. He got the tickets, made up a party of four and we went. I wish Aunt Eulalia could have been there. She would have been shocked stiff. The Ball began at ten and lasted till five A. M., but we did not go until 11 and cleared out at 3 A. M., when the necking commenced. Those left there then, were nearly all foreigners, and they went the limit—Russians, Poles, Chinese, Japanese, Negroes, etc., and a sprinkling of Americans. A vast dance hall, and thousands of people on the floor, urged on by several jazz bands. Colored lights playing on the dancers. For size, I never saw a ball more stupenduous.

Now we are coming to it—the costumes, or rather the lack of them, were what interested me. One man in his B. V. D.'s, a coat and shoes. Women with their backs bare to below the waist, or with the whole torso bare except for breast ornaments. Men nude to the waist. Nude bodies pressed against each other while dancing. A negro girl with nothing on but a bit of silk. A young Russian man with a pair of white trunk tights with a grape leaf pinned on them, a swallow-tail coat, collar, tie, silk top hat and monocle, otherwise a la Garden of Eden. Louis (my friend) started in a tuxedo, but before the evening was over all he had on was his pants and an undershirt. Some of the women's get up reminded me of the song of a little girl in Sunday School. She was rehearsing a song for a S. S. Concert and her teacher told her that if she forgot a line, just to go on humming "um, tum, tum." The little girl forgot her lines and this is how she went:

*"And she wore a wreath of roses
Round her—tummy, tum, tum."*



By midnight so many champagne corks had popped that bedlam was let loose. Some of the Russians were drunk. Couples necked everywhere in plain sight. Men took women up and carried them around, their legs kicking in the air. People kissing and hugging around the champagne tables, or draped about each other. Oh, what a sight for Aunt Eulalia!

As for me, I am completely shock proof. I have seen about every aspect of Paris life, including Montmartre at night. I have seen the very dregs of life here—seen things which if I wrote about them, would scorch the very paper. —I have seen so much of life in Paris, so much of the world's sin and misery, as well as its noblest aspects, that I have gotten a better understanding of humanity than I ever had before. I thought I had seen a plenty of life in the States, especially in New York, but it takes Paris to cap the climax—and the people who do the capping are not French but the very dregs of Europe and Asia, drawn from all countries.

Father, mother and son were in the tube, and all found seats but father, so he had to stand.

Mother—"Doesn't it pain you to see your father reaching for a strap?"

Son—"Only at home, Ma."

Angelenograms

By Augusta K. Barrett

MISS MARY E. PEEK and Miss Mildred M. Angle, of Los Angeles, had one of their interesting trips last summer, this time to Alaska. These two ladies are world travelers; a few years ago they were with the party who took Clark's "Cruise Around the World," on the Canadian Pacific S. S. *Empress of France*. The pleasure and benefit of these trips to Miss Peek, who is deaf, is greatly enhanced by her young hearing companion, Miss Angle, who is an expert with signs and the manual alphabet. Miss Angle took many kodak pictures during the trip and has loaned us a few, in addition to co-operating by describing it; so we learn something of Alaska in summer. Moving pictures and stories dealing with the Northwest territories seem to favor winter settings and snow and ice waters and sledges drawn by huskies.

An unusual trophy was brought back by Miss Peek. During the slow trip up the Yukon a bridge tournament was held to while away the long evenings, in which both Misses Peek and Angle played. A record was kept of

North, inland to Fairbanks, there was no more snow. Indeed it became very warm during the day, and at Fairbanks ice cream and iced tea were gratefully accepted.

Fairbanks has the Farthest North College and Experimental Station. Only Iceland has a college so



Beaver, an Indian town on the Yukon River, inside the Arctic circle. Indian woman with baby on back

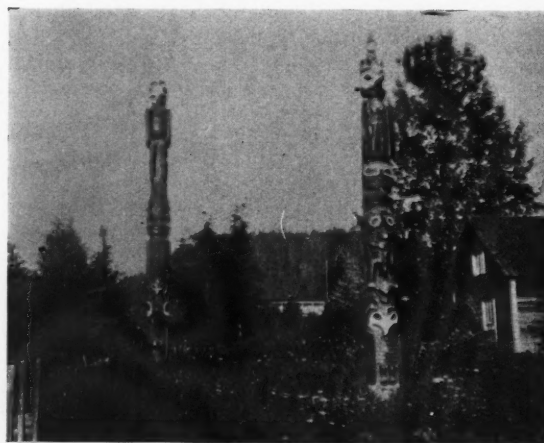


Malamute dog at Beaver, Alaska

scores made in the games. Among the players were international travelers, professional men such as doctors and dentists, and we are very proud of Miss Peek who won the prize for the highest score, a pair of Alaska beaded mocassions.

In all, the trip covered seven weeks. The two ladies left Los Angeles the latter part of July, going by train to Seattle, where they took the Steamship *Yukon* for Seward. Their first stop was at Ketchikan where they saw their first totem poles, and visited a cold storage plant for salmon and halibut. They were never cold on the whole trip, except the half hour in the storage vaults, where it was 12 below zero, and fish were frozen so hard that they were stacked like cordwood and could be thrown around by their stiff tails without making so much as a crack in them. At Juneau they visited their first glacier, the magnificent Mendenhall Glacier, which has caves of clear blue ice, most thrilling to step into. The passage through the islands was always beautiful and calm, and even the day and a half in the open sea from Althorp to Seward was calm. The wonderful coast range of snow-clad mountains along the southern coast of the Alaska mainland was the most snow they saw for after boarding the railroad at Seward and going

far North, and it is forty miles farther south than Alaska's college. A two hour ride from Fairbanks brought them to the boat on which they spent nine days going up the Yukon River to Dawson. Where the Nenana and Yukon rivers meet, the Yukon River brings down so much silt that there is a constantly changing sandbar, so that the captain, though he makes the trip twice a month, has to make soundings of every foot of the entrance to the Yukon before he dares cross it. The river boats draw only three feet of water on that account. But even so, the river had filled up so badly in the two-week interval that in spite of careful sounding the boat was grounded all afternoon and evening, and was only gotten off the



Totem Poles at Wrangell

bar by splicing three thousand-foot cables, anchoring them to an island that far away, and winding them up on the bot-winch, which spit sparks in the night as it wound up. The scenery as one goes up the river increases in beauty, gradually becoming more hilly, and narrow-

gorged. At some places the boat had to swing almost at right angles from one side of the river to the other to follow the swift shallow current.

At Dawson, a city that during the gold rush of '98 had fifty thousand inhabitants, but now only twelve hundred, the party visited Bonanza creek and saw



Juneau, Alaska

gold melting and pouring. The brick became solid instantly after filling the mould, and was worth \$12,000, (55 lbs.) Dawson has a short season for growing vegetables, but has fresh tomatoes and cucumbers all the year around, all grown in hot-houses. There were acres and acres of hothouses where the ripening vegetables made an astonishing sight. Robert Service's cabin was visited.

The rest of the way up the Yukon was made on another



Child's Glacier, near Cordova, Alaska

boat and took them into British territory, Yukon territory of Canada. At Whitehorse it was too warm for comfort, even in the land where the ground thaws out only from three to nine feet each season. At Atlin, the beautiful lake and mountain resort of British Columbia, more gold mines were visited. And then came the grand climax to the trip, another railroad ride down to Skagway over the White Pass and Yukon railway. It is the pass which was made famous, during the days of '98, when thousands of men met death trying to climb over its steep snow and ice-topped summit in order to get down the Yukon River to Dawson. Now the railroad makes the descent of almost three thousand feet in a few hours, one of the greatest engineering feats in the world. At

Skagway the beautiful Blanchard gardens were visited, where dahlias as big as platters were on exhibit, and sweet-peas ten feet high. All the town was getting ready for its annual fair to be held two days later, the flower show is its main attraction, for Alaska grows magnificent flowers.

The trip by boat up to Skagway and back is made interesting by the many stops in the small Alaskan settlements, mostly grouped around canneries, where salmon are made ready for market during the few summer months of their run. At Sitka there is a most interesting old Greek Orthodox Church, the Mother Church for all of America, established when Sitka was the capital of Alaska, when Alaska was a Russian colony. Many pictures and statues covered with finely hammered silver fill the church. At Sitka the government has established a fine-grown park, with a lover's lane which is dotted



Steamer Yukon, on the river Yukon, a stern-wheeler drawing only 3 feet of water

with about forty totem poles, some as much as two hundred feet tall.

For interest, pleasure and a healthy, happy vacation, the ladies recommend Alaska!

A Deaf Missionary

Rev. Andrew C. Miller, an educated deaf-mute who was ordained by the Kings Mountain Presbytery last year as an evangelist for the deaf, has not confined his ministrations to this Presbytery, but has been travelling over the state preaching to the deaf in the Presbyterian churches at Shelby, Charlotte, Concord, Gastonia, Greensboro, High Point, Asheville, Raleigh, Rocky Mount, Statesville, Durham, and other places, and teaching Bible classes.

Prior to his ordination, on his own volition, being a "labor of love," Mr. Miller did missionary work for two years in this and adjoining counties, forming Bible classes and teaching in the sign language to those unfortunate friends who are deprived of religious instruction on account of their deafness. Most of his congregations are educated and well to do, coming to Mr. Miller's meetings in their automobiles from 20 to 25 miles.

Mrs. Miller has been assisting her husband in these meetings, reciting hymns in the sign language. Wherever Mr. Miller goes he is received cordially and they appreciate the interest he is taking in their spiritual uplift. They are highly pleased to have a deaf minister preach to them, one whom they can understand. Mr. Miller has a list of names of the deaf in the state and he writes them cards informing them of his appointments.—*Presbyterian Standard*.

Tourist—"Is the west bound train on time?"

Native—"No, I think the company paid cash for it."



WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach

THE *Literary Digest* was imposed on in the matter of printing absurdities as to the abilities of totally deaf people to play musical instruments. Principal Stevenson replied with one of the best presentations of the matter that I have yet seen, his school paper, the *Minnesota Companion*. I do not know whether the *Literary Digest* published the correction or not, but I do know that since the article was given good prominence in the *Companion*, and I looked for the general reprint by other of the l. p. f., but if a single one did reprint it, it escaped my notice.

Since then the Illinois Band made a circuit of Chatauqua centres, and got the usual bunkum as to the wonders of deaf-mute bandmen, and some of our publications for the deaf reprinted without comment, just as if it was all gospel truth where any parade of a totally deaf person as a musician is just a sickening joke.

I thought I was all done with travel stories, but I missed telling about a little visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Veditz in Colorado Springs, and a tour of inspection of his poultry plant, and his botanical garden, which I was making just seventeen years after the first visit was planned. Having been a pigeon fancier in my youth, the coops containing those birds interested me most, and as I went through the coops at feeding time I had the pleasure of seeing the sage of Custer St. at his happiest, for all the birds know him, and all but speak to him when he makes his rounds.

It seems to me that all efforts at raising funds for projects concerning the Deaf should be limited to the De l'Epee and Gallaudet Memorials until they have seen fruition, and the first named ought to be boosted by the Deaf everywhere.

It has dragged along altogether too long.

It has been suggested that the Monument be created by Douglas Tilden, and those in charge should get this artists designs and figures without further delay. If this is done, those who have not yet contributed will be urged to get in line.

Every organization of the Deaf should plan a profit bringing show of some kind on the Abbe's next birthday and donate the proceeds to the fund, which would enable the Committee to have the memorial completed in 1929, though even that date seems far off.

Once upon a time, and it wasn't so long ago, a clerical friend asked me some questions about a choir of deaf girls, so I gave him all the data at my command, and told him if he got in touch with the Rector of St. Ann's Church, that gentleman would surely arrange to that end that the choir might appear at my clerical friend's church in Brooklyn, but the cleric, a Protestant by the way, but of another denomination than St. Ann's, re-

marked that "he did not care to borrow from other churches than his own," so that was that.

More recently an eminent Presbyterian clergyman, who it was my good fortune to know when he was a college boy, became interested in the same thing, and asked one of New York's most graphic and most beautiful sign makers to be his guest at his Riverside Drive home of an evening and the result was that the minister was enraptured, and his wife shared his enthusiasm, so, soon after the young lady, who was Miss Florence Waterman Lewis, a graduate of the Hartford school and Gallaudet College, recited four hymns during a Sunday evening service, with full choir and organ accompaniment.

The service had been advertised in all the New York morning and evening newspapers, and the bulletin board on the church carried the young lady's name in large letters.

The following letter reached Miss Lewis shortly afterward:

Dear Miss Lewis,

The fragrance of your recent visit still lingers. Your smile was a benediction to all and the unique program which you presented conveyed a very distinct impression of moral courage and spiritual reality.

Although you did not realize it, you were helping many handicapped men and women to get hold of themselves and to get hold of something higher than themselves as you stood there before them expressing so eloquently in pantomime what many would find difficulty to express in spoken word.

The services were most worthwhile in every way and I hope that you have been fully rewarded in your own heart by the consciousness that you were helping others. Moreover, I hope that you will have many opportunities to present similar programs in other churches.

Very sincerely yours,

A. EDWIN KEIGWIN.

The mails brought me a copy of an address delivered by C. W. Barron, who is editor and publisher of *The Wall Street Journal* and other publications, before the American Otological Association at a banquet at the Hotel Regis. Mr. Barron spoke on "The Development of the Charity Ear," and the speech was a boost for a preliminary \$300,000 that the Clarke School for the Deaf (Northampton) is going to ask for research for facts that science does not yet know about the ear, and this sum, is to be increased to two million.

This listens good, for it may find a panacea for deafness, but other things in the address do not listen so good.

Before we touch on them we want to stress two good points Mr. Barron brought out, one old and familiar, and the other very new. The first was with regard to Dr. Bell's statement that had he known more about

electricity and less about deafness, he would never have invented the telephone.

The newer one was that the Wright Brothers had been more highly educated to know that flying could not be done by man, they never would have succeeded.

Mr. Barron tells now how Governor Lippitt's daughter, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Green Hubbard who was Dr. Bell's pupil and became his wife, were taught to speak, but he implies that this was brought about to children born deaf, where both the subjects named were adventitiously deaf, so teaching them to speak was only teaching them what they already had a firm foundation for.

When Mr. Barron states that the coming of the Clarke School brought first efforts to teach the deaf speech, Mr. Barron, of course is badly informed, and there is some truth in his statement that some of the prior existing schools were called Asylums, there were only two or three such.

Mr. Barron also told that other schools simply teach the deaf to make signs and spell with their fingers, and that they finish school dumb as well as deaf, it is too bad that the giants of other days, those many men and women who were graduated from Hartford, New York, Philadelphia and other schools, before the Clarke School was heard of, are unable to refute such a gross calumny.

Clarke School has done, and is doing a wonderful work, but I doubt Mr. Baron's statement that its graduates have also graduated at dozens of Universities and colleges.

But that two millions for further research as to the prevention and cure of deafness for future generations may prove a boon.

As science has wiped out scarlet fever, yellow fever, small-pox and minimized the dangers of diphtheria, why shouldn't there be hope for the deaf and the blind too, for that matter.

In the address referred to above, mention is made of an architect who is a graduate of Clarke, as if this was a very rare achievement, but other schools for the deaf have successful architects that they can point to with pride, and practically all the other professions, excepting only medicine, have been achieved by deaf graduates of combined schools.

Down in Virginia my brother "Frat," W. A. Black was married to Miss Rubie Lacks and any number of bright readers of this column without any effort at all can whittle lots of wheezes out of this announcement.

Out in Los Angeles I met my old time friend Albert Ballin, who is "in the Movies" now. For several years before he left New York, he took to writing for the films, but did not "land." Not having been able to get any of his works produced he went for "inside stuff," with the result that he is now an actor, though only an extra so far. Mr. Ballin was born deaf and dumb, and without the aid of a higher education enjoys a wonderful vocabulary. If he worked as hard at painting portraits as he does in the "Movies" it is the general opinion that he would be a very rich man.

In a recent issue of *Colliers*, or maybe it was *Liberty*, Eddie Cantor, the comedian, makes reference to "deaf and dumb mutes," and some time I'd like to meet Eddie and ask him to help me locate some examples of hearing and speaking mutes.

In the Reverend Mr. Koehler's recent contribution covering "Deaf Founders of Schools for the Deaf," no

metion was made of a Mr. Gulick, whose first name was Peter, I think, who had very much to do with the founding of the New Jersey School for the Deaf, and as I recall it, he had great hopes of being chosen principal, or of being appointed a teacher, but neither of these hopes were realized.

Mr. Gulick spent a great deal of time urging the Governor of that day and the members of the then existing legislature that New Jersey should stop sending its children to New York and educate them in a state school of its own.

When the matter reached fruition, Prof. Weston Jenkins was selected to head the school, and he did not select Mr. Gulick as one of the teachers.

I don't know when there has been so much general satisfaction and pleasure caused to the deaf at large by the appointment of a superintendent of a school for the deaf equal to that that followed the appointment of Miss Pearl Herdman as head of the Gallaudet School, St. Louis. Miss Hardman has had all the work of a principal, and more than a principal's usual responsibility, with the emoluments that go with the title, and while a type of political activity that bore a lot on the methods questions kept her in the "acting principal" status for a long time, right has prevailed and the deaf children of St. Louis will be the gainers.

Howard Visits the Rendons in Texas



*Left to right—Mrs. Ed. S. Foltz, Miss Cora Phillips,
Miss Lillian Green, J. Cooke Howard, Duluth,
Minnesota*



Left to right—Mrs. Charles White, Miss Cora Phillips, Florencio Rendon, Mrs. Ed. S. Foltz, Miss Lillian Green, Mrs. Joe J. Rendon and little daughter Pearl, Celsa Ugarte



National Ass'n NADIO of the Deaf



Broadcasted by J. Frederick Meagher



ROM millionaire yachts lining the course came shrill shriek of whistle and booming bang of bell. The welkin rang with frenzied cheers from open-car observation trains crawling along the banks of the historic Hudson. It was the blue-blood blue-ribbon event of all 1927 American championship contests — the four-mile intercollegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Countless thousands strained in that stupified tenseness which comes only with a glorious athletic upset.

An upset as amazing as Firpo's knocking Dempsey out of the ring!

And the son of a deaf couple did it!

Newspaper dope we kicked in the bucket. Prognosticians were dumfounded. A horde of howling Huskies from the Pacific Northwest — 50-to-1 shots—were nearing the wire, nip-and-tuck with the "sure thing" Columbia crew!

Wallowing in Washington's wake came the brawny bronzed backs of California's "Golden Bears" — who had soundly trounced this same Washinton crew two months before. Far behind this triumphant trio—two from Pacific and one from the Atlantic—rowed the other picked eights from the cream of American universities; Navy (Annapolis), Cornell, Syracuse and Pennsylvania.

Row-row-row-row — both leading teams hit 'er up; row-row-row. and Seattle's powerful sophomore stroke fairly lifted his frail cockleshell over the jubilant June waters. Closer, closer. The finish gun. By only a bare length did the University of Washington crew fail to vanquish the "sure thing" Columbians!

You understand, of course, that the success or failure of a crew depends mainly on its stroke — the oarsman who sits in the back of the boat next to that funny little coxswain (or steersman) who holds the megaphone. The stroke is always the strongest, toughest, most endurable maverick of them all. He sets the pace, and the other seven oarsmen blindly follow his swaying back.

The stroke of the Washington crew that memorable day was John Ellis MacDonald. Old-timers studying his picture herewith—the lean face and beetling brows showing he is trained to the minute—will instantly recognize him as the living likeness of his father, who used to play center on the football team of the Michigan State School for the Deaf, 1901-'03! John Ellis MacDonald—we always called him Ellis—who will be 22 on May 9, stands six-foot-one in his sox, weighs 170 stripped, and is composed of solid bone and rawhide whip-cord. They breed MEN out on the Pacific.

(Since this was written, Chicago papers announce that among the husky sophomore He-Men responding as new candidates for MacDonald's crew, is one standing 6:6; two standing 6:4, and a whole raft all over six feet.)

His dad, old Alex, has for 21 years taught carpentry in the Washington State School for the Deaf, in Vancouver—just across the river from Portland, Oregon; not the Vancouver, B. C. way up North. I recall little Ellis as one of the tiny tots who used to practice football with my deaf kiddies — Seipp, Wright Cosgrove (all of whom later starred at Gallaudet College, the last named being their basketball star today.) Later Ellis played football, basketball and baseball at Vancouver High. On entering the University of Washington (Seattle) in 1925, he dropped everything for rowing, as this sport requires such strenuous muscular precision that it is an all-year-round pastime.

Ellis rowed number 4 on the freshman crew which beat California's frosh, the spring of 1926. Next season he was promoted to stroke the Junior Varsity crew. A "Junior

crew" in rowing is about the same as a "second team" at baseball. Last April Washington's Varsity and Junior eights both went to Oakland, to race the University of California in the classic of the Pacific Coast. And then Nick Merriwell and Lincoln Carter were outdone by a weird trick of fate. For the morning newspapers the



Ellis MacDonald, Varsity Crew
Stroke.

day of this race, had a long report of how the Washington Varsity stroke had been stricken with small-pox the previous night, and how it became necessary to place a kid named Ellis MacDonald, Junior stroke, in the Varsity boat as stroke—although MacDonald had never sat in the Varsity before.

And this Washington crew had won the National championship at the Poughkeepsie regatta the previous June! That out-Merriwells all the pipe dreams of fiction! A raw, gangling greenhorn—it was like putting in a quarterback to run the Yale football team when he had never even practiced with Yale, and did not know the signals! Yet truth is stranger than fiction!

Of course California won handily. Dopsters thereon calculated Washington would not be a threat in the 1927 regatta. It was two months away, and even a water-wizard like Coach "Rusty" Callow can't train a new "iron-man" in two months, considering rowing is an all-year sport, they figured. But sons of the deaf are original, determined cusses. (Take Lon Chaney, for example.) "Rusty" proceeded to mould his husky young curly-well into a well-fitting component-part of his mighty machine. And by only a scant boat-length did his Huskies fail to perform the impossible, when they finished second at Poughkeepsie that June!

"By their fruits shall ye know them." Tell this tale of Ellis—son of Alex and Della MacDonald—next time some lumbering, lunkheaded lummoX asks you: "Should the deaf marry; do their children ever amount to much?"

Sons of the deaf, possessing power
For bearing life's brunt, a brawny breed;
Silent sires doled out thy dower—
Thy strength to suffer and still succeed!
Sons of the deaf—huge-framed, high-hearted,
Glow in the niches where once we gleamed;
Finish the tasks thy fathers started—
The glorious dreams thy fathers dreamed!



WHO WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP?

From returns of the seven games between state schools for the deaf, one is at a loss to figure out who can claim the 1927 football championship. As football, unlike basketball, can not be decided in a three night tournament, you can draw your own conclusions from the following scores:

Illinois 45—Iowa 0
Illinois 12—Wisconsin 12
Michigan 18—Ohio 0
Kansas 58—Missouri 0
North Carolina 27—South Carolina 6
North Carolina 0—Virginia 0
Mt. Airy (Phil.) 44—New Jersey 0

The high-light of the season seems to be Coach Burns' Illinois quarterback, Wilbur Sibley—who may enter Gallaudet College next fall. Hearing experts made him almost unanimous choice for the Central Illinois All-Star scholastic quarter. This same Burns also developed Louis Masinkoff—who was the whole Gallaudet team at quarter in '23 and '24. The singular thing about Burns' development of two really great quarterbacks is the fact that Burns himself was only a fair-to-midlin' linesman at Gallaudet. He learned his real football strategy under Rockne and Zuppke—and this Zuppke, who himself never made the first team at college, developed "Red" Grange!

In other lines, too, the greatest teachers are not always themselves ex-greats. Look at George Pinneo of the Gary, Ind., Y.M.C.A.—just reappointed for the third straight time to coach the United States wrestling team to the Olympic games, next summer. Pinneo never was a wrestler; never even knew anything about the game until a deaf-mute from Notre Dame University—Glenn Smith, who played center on the Notre Dame football teams of '14-'16, I believe—joined his little gym and started mauling the gigantic steel-mill Bohunks. The deaf man gave Pinneo his first insight into the game, and today Pinneo is recognized as THE wrestling coach of America.

Frankly, from my own experience, I doubt whether Pinneo is such a great "coach"—from the standpoint of *teaching* the tricks of the game; but he is certainly the best "handler" I ever competed under. Although he knows only one deaf sign—the thumbs-up for "Good!"—the way he says it, and his general enthusiasm-inspiring personality, making his lads feel we can lick our weight in wildcats. I won two National A. A. U. 108-lb. championships with him in my corner—and that long after I had been branded an old "has-been."

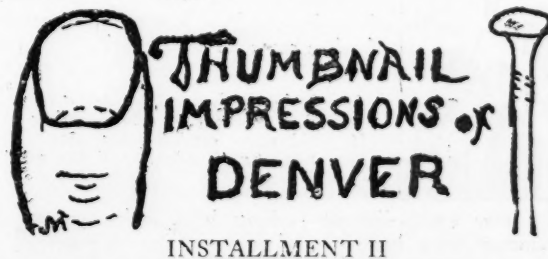


JACKSONVILLE, FEB. 23-24-25

Six state schools will compete in the fourth annual Central States Basketball Tournament, formally opening Illinois's new \$65,000 gymnasium, February 23, 24 and 25.

The champion Indiana team will be opposed by quintets representing Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois and Wisconsin. Besides the customary silver cup and other trophies, there will be special features for contestants and the 1800 spectators. Following the tournament, visiting teams will be taken by auto to visit Lincoln's tomb in Springfield, before entraining for their respective homes.

Reserved seats for the entire 15 games may be secured by writing or wiring Coach Burns, at \$1.50 per seat; a pro. rata of ten cents per game. The tournament will be placed on the Associated Press wires by the Radio Broadcaster.



Tuesday, July 12... Up at dawn—three hours sleep but full of pep... Denver's mile-high atmosphere almost as bracing as Seattle's or San Francisco's. Feels great to be alive... Snatch a bite; scan morning editions... Those pesky *News* newshounds picked up some good morsels, giving my *Post* high-class competition?.. Have to hump to maintain my "rep" of Washington '26... Alternate Smileau (Reading, Pa.) has five inches in *Post*: "Deaf Minister Runs His Sedan 23,000 Miles a Year Without

Accident." Good boost for us as a class—glad Smileau submitted it. One always admires a brainy go-getter—even if his political views are out-of-step.

Bolt berries and shredded wheat. Denver sandwich engineers just as competent in the Rockies as back East... Brisk stroll to *The Post*: by 7:30 the day's news outlines are compiled and submitted to smiling little Helen Strauss... But she is not satisfied—demands an exclusive "lead" to be prominently headlined; something none of the other papers can possibly think of. Stumps me. Have a couple bits of juicy scandal—but that's destructive publicity. "Hew to the line, let the quips fall where they may" in our own deaf periodicals; but in hearing papers we are out on dress parade. Convention has barely started; what is a scare-head "lead," anyway?

When ideas won't come, coax 'em; let your imagination run until they do... Ho, hum, great ball last night; strapping stalwarts and dainty divinities whose delicious, exquisite charms shall haunt one's dreams long after adjournment; some of them snubbed me—@X*%&+**—I may be small and old and homely but my heart's in the right place; Lincoln and Napoleon and Steinmetz and Veditz and Roosevelt ain't not never no billboard collar-ad types nohow; wait until I become rich and famous—I'll snub right back; yesser; snub Mrs. Harvat and Mrs. Roberts and Tin Star and Mrs. Ayers—AyersAyersAyers—WHAM!!! The Idea bursts like a bomb... A few quick strokes on the typewriter and Miss Strauss has her exclusive "lead": "digital rebellion, youth seeks to wrest helm of society from vets, led by kid, Kreigh B. Ayers, chemist Goodyear Tire Rubber Akron."

Noon edition carried it in big type, double-column... Now that you have the secret, YOU can go out and write crackerjack newspaper features also... Just try it!

Back to the hotel—passing several silents; delegates trying to look important and stepping high, wide and handsome; alternates crawling along with the furtive hang-dog look of one with life's great ambition blasted; common visitors giving themselves over unrestrainedly to enjoying the Trip of a Lifetime... Can that be Jay



Cooke Howard trying to high-hat me as he enters a restaurant with a glorious girl? Still as bald as the day he was born. Jay, not the g. g... Jay does not suffer with falling hair. Its fallen. ...Wonder if he even slyly sprinkles salt on his shoulder, and then brushes it off when someone is looking?

Jay Cook—my loving frat-in-law,
Would make me give a loud guffaw
If could mine eye-lids only note
Him brushing "dandruff" off his coat!

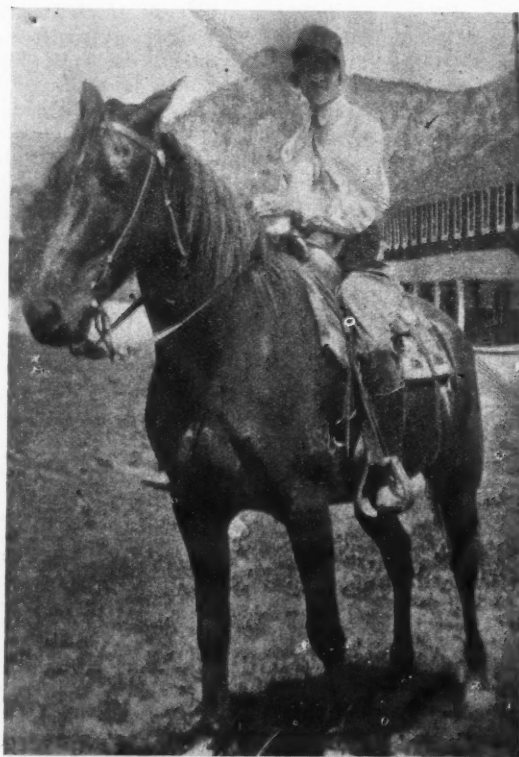
Lobby lounge-lizzard—a long, lean, lanky lummoX from little ol' N' Yrk—lolling at his lazy length. He has plenty of sex-appeal. ...Garterless corn-belt disciple of the sloppy-sox fad. Sox-appeal... Swart son from the setting sun, displaying bulky bankroll to pop-eyed damsels (twenty \$1's with a \$5 outside.) Check-appeal... Couple of deep-eyed ministers in a corner—Episcopal sect. Sect-appeal.

Miss Strauss bobs up serenely, and I waste a whole morning towing her around—corralling sufficient news-features and special articles for a week... Don't bother



the busy delegates now in session but several alternates and visitors are beckoned out in the corridor where she "pumps" them... Sergeants John Marty (Council Bluffs) and Joe Cordano (Kalamazoo, Mich.)—tough looking thugs—kindly show her how they take the pass-word by making a wind-shield of their coats. (But she can't vamp the mystic pass-word out of them.)... That young woman is a real newshound, and must have a powerful pull with the grizzled old coots on the copy-desk—for fully half the dope we round up eventually appears in *The Post*, admirably boiled-down without omitting the essential points.

But what gives me the willies is her request for an Inquiring Reporter stunt. (It ran in Wednesday's final, headed: "Deaf Folks Have Own Pet Peeves; Listen to 'em. Hardly realize they are 'different' until told so.") After hunting high and low, accosting dozens of silents and making myself a bally nuisance



TWO HIGHSTEPPING FILLIES—BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

She is fast! (Sparkplug is, I mean—don't misunderstand me, you dumb duck!) Even Pike's Peek is peeking in the background. The young filly is Miss Barbara Ponsford, graduate of Clark school and now in her second year at Gallaudet College. Her dad, a wealthy and prominent Denver lawyer, rendered yeoman aid to the convention committee; and dug down in his pocket to help make up that \$269 deficit.

with what seem crazy, pointless queries (who cares; they call me "nut," anyway) we finally compile this list of funny—yet diversified and pointed—paragraphs, presenting a splendid cross-section of deaf ramifications:

Geraldine Gibbons, burnet beauty of Chicago—"My pet peeve is being given a deaf ear by every theatrical promoter I apply to for a vaudeville or legitimate stage engagement."



Cora Hitesman (San Francisco)—“Question of strangers: ‘Do deaf girls ever get married?’”

Troy Hill, executive deputy district clerk of Dallas county, Texas—“People who assume that we deaf can’t make a living, and as a result, won’t give us a chance.”

Alex Pach (you know)—“Not being able to hear what pretty girls say.”

Frank C. Horton, printing-pressman (Oakland, Cal.)—“Nothing gets my goat like meeting strangers who, on being informed that I am deaf, insist on yelling in my ear and baptizing it with tobacco spray, in an effort to find out the truth for themselves.”

Max Hoffman, linotype operator (New York)—“Answering the question: ‘How can you run a lino without hearing the mats drop?’”

Kate Jones, deputy bookkeeper to Oneida county treasurer, Idaho—“Strangers who, unaware I am deaf, expect me to look sad and perturbed when they grumble and complain about their tax bills.”

Another—“A man once wrote on my pad in all seriousness, ‘Can you read and write?’ One of the most poignant regrets of my life is that not until days afterwards did I think of the proper come-back: ‘No, can you?’”

Write something good—and not a lad
Or lass will pat your back, egad.
But write a break—and every frat
And fratine climbs your frame for that!

At noon comes the Big Parade to the state Capital steps, where we are *panorammed* (emphasis on last syllable) in the official photo... The usual handful of gentle Jassax who are shot at one end of the group, then run around to stand with a look of imbecilic angelicity at the opposite end—appearing twice in one photograph, “Ain’t I smart?” they seem to say. . . Puzzle: Why do “nobodies” from Yapville always insist on crowding the Big Bugs from vantage points in a picture?

The inevitable camera-fiends, snapping pictures right and left. Their specialty is the Big Bugs... Young girls elate at their FIRST convention (and whom of us Old Conventioneers does not recall his own first convention as the greatest he ever attended?) young girls coyly coaxing Big Bugs to pose for a snap... “Snap” is right if some political opponent cares to print one of these innocent pictures someday... “The camera can’t lie”—but liars can carry a camera!

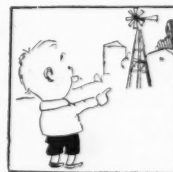
Visitors then jaunt joyously off on a trip to Tintytown—cost local committee \$350—and most of the alternates do likewise. . . Alternates are beginning to feel their utter worthlessness sitting like football substitutes on the sidelines while the Big Team plays. . . Sending alternates to conventions at division expense these days is becoming a graft, a junket, a reward for back-slapping de luxe. . . At that, I can name half a dozen alternates now on deck who rate 1000% better than the regularly elected delegates from their divisions. . . Proving water does not always find its level!

I attend my only business session of the convention. . . Recalling the holy awe generated by the Great-Guys-of-Glory at my first two national conventions, I can understand the sudden paralysis gripping the hollow-square of humanity as, with studied carelessness, Names-to-Conjure-With seat themselves around the dias... Why, oh why, do we always thrill as the presiding officer picks up his toy croquet-mallet? Breath is held in momentary tenseness; muscles involuntarily flex; eyes glint with primordial passion. Precisely the same super-thrill you *always* feel when the referee signals for the kick-off of a football game. The thrill as two mitted gladiators

crouch in their corners, awaiting the bell which sends them slashing in to maim and maul!

President Anderson pitter-patters his gavel like a bric-a-brac nut-cracker... Relinquishes it to bay-windowed Mueller—who weilds it like a beer-maul or bung-starter. . . The *deus ex machina* is in motion. . . Staccato spatter of spatulate fingers... pseudo-passes of pantomime... tireless and tiresome tintinnabulations of Delsartian artistry... Crisp crackle of critical craftsmen... muted mumbblings by men with a mission... mad murmurs by the mob... Capillary arm-gearied capachony of quietudinous catterwaulings—callous, captious and calumnious on one hand; cajoling, concise, composed and circumspect on the other. . . Speed 2300 r. p. m. . . Intellects of all degrees—from mail-order-orators and bucolic Babbitts, to sign-stokers who shine as real statesmen. . . And over it all the whip of the step-president. He is from Louisville, Ky. Louisville? Louisville? Oh, yes, I remember now—was not that the home of the original Simon Legree?

It proves the most important meeting of the week—if you are on the “inside.” Probably not more than a dozen are. And these dozen do most of the windmilling... Oh, my child, see the whirling windmills in the mile-high atmosphere. Colorado is where they keep the “Cave of the Winds,” is it not?



What glaring dissimilarity of sign-delivery by these Past Grand Masters of Signology, as they alternately point with pride and view with alarm! Mueller has the rolling thunder of a Basso—rumbling and reveberrating to every eager iris. Gibson’s signs may be likened to the voice of a Soprano singer—high and clear and penetrating. Walter Durian (Hartford, birthplace of American deaf-education) signs the high-Soprano of a Coloratura. Colorful, calm, collected—the super-Beau Brummel in every admirable sense—Durian is a credit to our clan. Keeley (Salt Lake City) cocks his head and tosses a brick-red thatch in low Alto. Diminutive “King Arthur” Roberts waves Excalibur as he signs in fine Baritone. President Anderson himself signs Falsetto—and for a flat-chested human kiddie-car, he takes the oratorical hills on high without stopping for oil, gas or water.

But little Alpha Patterson (San Francisco) he of the sunkist hair and sunkist hide, has a jerky, St. Vitus slam-sign system all his own—which may be likened to nothing but the batter and bang of a jazz band.

Like a row of rare, red wines
Famous frats display their signs.
“We believe in signs!” But, oh,
What do signs foretell, I’d know?

Some of the catch-as-catch-can parliamentarians cause me to chuckle... Elate in their new-found freedom, they are plunging into an orgy of parliamentary hodge-podge with all the joyous abandon of a child licking the paint off its Christmas toys... Powerful hearing societies often pay big money for a seasoned parliamentarian to sit by the presiding officer and properly post him on every point. But here we have in OUR OWN RANKS one of the B-I-G parliamentarians of America—a deaf man shining in the world of the hearing—and his own convention declines his generous offer to serve free, gratis, and without charge... When hearing organizations pay \$5 to \$10 an hour to have things *legally correct*... But truth is stranger than fiction, and happy Edwin Hazel is regaled to a seat in the background. Yes, fact, gospel truth; the great Hazel is classed with the dime-a-dozen brotherhood!

Disregarding legality is acting like wilful children...

This is a *business organization*, chartered by the great state of Illinois...Assets close to a million dollars... Evident motto: "In the God of Good Luck We Trust!"

Billikin, the God so Lucky,
Hails from kozy old Kentucky.
Billikin lays down the law
With a beer-maul in his paw.

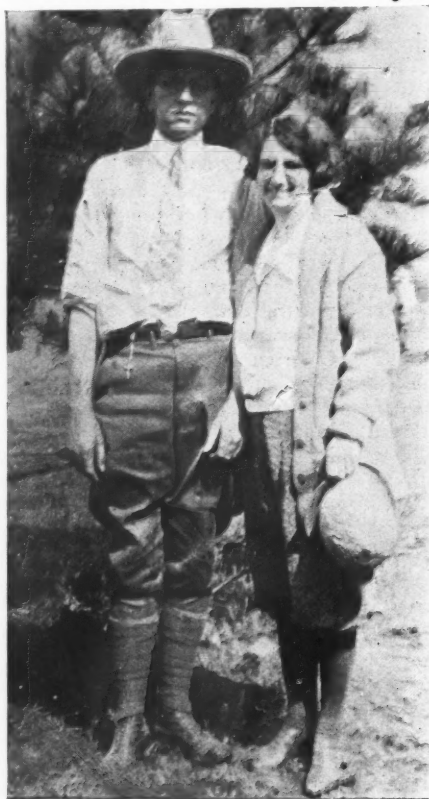
But I have come a thousand miles mainly to see Veditz the valiant sally to the fray. The greatest of the great; Veditz himself, now little more than a revered tradition. Valorous Veditz, last living survivor of the six great fighting-men of Deafdom: Henry Flournoy, Edmund Booth, Anson Spear, James Henry Cloud, Robert MacGregor and George Wilhelm Veditz! (Future historians may add the names of Edwin A. Hodgson and Francis Gibson to this list — perhaps — but of Veditz's place with the Great Immortals of Silentdom there is no shadow of doubt whatever.)

I came to see Veditz. The versatile, vehement, venerable Veditz! Vivid, vivacious — and at times venomously

T
H
E

G
R
A
C
E
F
U
L

G
R
A
C
E
S



He does not look very happy; just got licked at golf. But won a great moral victory—for he kept his temper. The Rev. Homer Grace has his sleeves rolled up for hard work as secretary of the convention committee. Was also director of publicity—in which role he made history. The "clinging vine" is graceful Mrs. Grace—chairman of that peck of peaches they styled the Ladies' Auxiliary.

vicious Veditz! Vigorous and vigilant; vaunting yet never verbose! The last of his line; the gnarled old oak which bends but never breaks!

Continueth the whirr and whirl of human-propellers, tuned-up to, maximum revolutions, and hitting on all cylinders. . .The preponderance of evidence is all against the pitiful handful of Veditz votaries. . .Even without

the "machine" against him. Veditz would stand no earthly chance of making even a fight of it if he depended on argument alone. . .Oh, to see again our mighty master-mummer move the masses with his muted-eloquence — the sign-eloquence so speedily disappearing in these days of impure oral methods!

At last!!! *Die Tag!* Veditz arises with his thunderous Teutonic "double-horned hail" signifying the Grand Ram in the chair! *Allons, mes enfants, le jour de gloire est arrive! Hoch der signmeister!* After 17 years mine aging eyes are about to behold again the greatest of our great, as he stands at Armageddon and he battles for the lord!

The wounded war-horse plops to the stage. His battle-beaten back is bent beneath the weight of nearly 70 woeful winters. All eyes are aglow. History is in the making. CUSTER'S LAST STAND!

With courtly, old-fashioned bows our crusading chevalier bends his bowed-back in salute to striplings whose fathers were yet unborn when he had already been acclaimed our chief-champion — back in the Dark Ages of Deafdom! The love-light of battle gleams fearless defiance from under bushy brows, as his eagle eyes seem to mutely mesmerize the multitude. Under the spell of his personality and palaver, his homely German visage assumes aspects of angelic amicability—hail-fellow-well-met you-and-I kinship. He radiates heart-warming camaraderie. Slowly his massive gnarled arms begin to navigate the circumambient atmosphere, forming the overture of his last great oration. Blissful beautitudes begin to ooze off his fitful fingers — ooze into the oozone to cozen and caress. A melody of musical motions; a zenith of zephyrs; a cascade of clarity — and the great Veditz is underway!

Clarion-like and crystal-clean his clear-cut signals surge and sing; sway and swing; now rippling like rivulets in the sunlight, now rumbling and roaring like mountain torrents in a Titanic torando! He tickles and teases our enraptured eyes. He soothes our senses like a Svengali. He trills like a Trilby. He reaches out to chuckle us under our chins — so far-flung seem his extraordinary ape-like arms, graceful as a gazelle. Chopin, Bach and Beethoven reincarnate. The Demosthens of the Deaf. The Supreme-signist of Silentdom. He soars to superheights of sublimity. He Lindberghs over oceans of argument with the pristine oratory of the Cave-man. He out-Bows Clara Bow!

That man has "It!"

He stretched his aged and aching arms
Across the empty years,
To grasp again the grace that charms
Us of the idle ears —
A long, strong throng of soundless song
That throbs and sobs and sings,
Majestic as the sublime sweep
Of high Archangels' wings!

Almost alone and unaided, Veditz makes a breath-taking battle of what would be a steam-roller operation without him. . .But this is the age of Efficiency. . .Conventions, like warfare, now swing on mass-movements. . .No longer is it knight-to-knight; Bayard versus Duguesclin. . .Team-play and shock-troops have been introduced into our free forums. . .Cut-and-dried programs have replaced the spectacular free-lancing. . .The old order passeth. . .On a vote, Veditz is massacred!

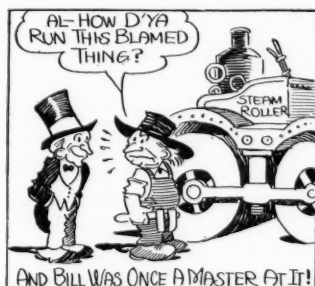
And the world moves on!

Pilgrims to Mecca, of old, were wont to put out their eyes with red-hot irons after gazing on the tomb of the prophet—having seen the *ultima thule* of all things seeable! So be it: I shall attend no more business sessions

this week... Mine eyes have beheld the splendid, glamorous glory of the doomed Duke of Deafdom fighting with his back to the wall; seen the Glory that was Greece, and the Grandeur that was Rome, and the Oratory that was Oratory when you and I were cubs... Seen him superb in Custer's Last Stand... Seen him in the one supreme moment of 1927—than aught else would be an anticlimax... Let him therefore forever remain so in my memory—Sign-orator Incomparable and Incomparable!

And, oh! the irony of Fate! Remember that ancient German fable of the Frankenstein monster—a human-like mass of iron and steel—which eventually crushed its creator? Similarly, the burly German-American victim of our 1927 steam-roller was himself the original inventor of deaf machine-politics, I understand. As Nad president at the 1910 Colorado Springs convention, he and the quick-witted Al Wright (Seattle) dispersed the memory... Sign-orator Incomparable and Incomparable! howling hordes of Spear-Howard-Axling-J. Schuyler Long by as pretty a piece of parliamentary cleverness as you ever saw!

Alas! Big Bill Veditz sorely needed Al Wright the next time Colorado held a national convention!



But amid the derbis of the day's debacle, one crumb of comfort stood out like a lighthouse in a storm... Events unerringly, and accurately, foretold that the wrong of 1905 should be righted, and Gibson—our Grand Old Frat—should be RE-ELECTED Grand President!

(To be continued)

(NOTE—Tuesday night's banquet write-up has been deferred to our next issue. Publisher Porter's patience is taxed to the utmost, giving me even five pages—the selfish brute—and I can't do justice to the splendid entertainment features of that banquet in less than two pages. Excuse, please!)

Next month:—Amazing inside story of the fake "restored hearing" airplane-ride-craze which has caused nearly a dozen deaths in plane crashes in the past two years, accompanied by photo of the pretty girl who was the innocent "come on" of the plotters. Would-be-humorous account of Denver's undressed squabs. Golden moments at El Dorado. Convention sergeant-at-arms proven a big bluff. If you have not the price of a year's subscription, look out—for that's your outlook.

Can the extra
Money that a
Manicurist gets be
Called
Finger tips?

Ronald Long—"Who is that plute in the swell car?"
John Holden—"Why, don't you know? That's the inventor of the combination shaving cream and cake frosting."

An Old Timer Makes Corrections

My dear Mr. Porter:—

The January issue of the SILENT WORKER is at hand and that which interested me most was the picture and write up of the students in the National Deaf-Mute College, now Gallaudet College.

Samuel G. Davidson, of New Jersey, after graduation from college became a teacher in the Philadelphia School, and I think was one of the editors of the paper I mentioned in my account and probably also Mr. Caldwell, the late superintendent of the California school.

I've spent a great deal of time trying to make the names of several of the persons in the picture. The one to the right of Murphy gets me (No. 25.) I do not remember of there being a "Gould" in the college at that time.

I'll go over the paragraphs numerically and make corrections.

- 1—Delos Simpson from Michigan.
- 3—Orson H. Archibald.
- 4—
- 5—William Allman, Mich. Died in December.
- 6—A. W. Hamilton, Michigan.
- 7—Wilbur N. Sparrow, Massachusetts.
- 8—O.K.
- 9—Elias Myers, Ohio.
- 10—Seems to be one of the Chapman brothers.
- 11—Frank Davis, Massachusetts.
- 12—O.K.
- 13—Abraham S. Gardner, Illinois.
- 14—O.K.
- 15—Lewis Lee James, Ohio.
- 16—Wm. W. Swartz, Pennsylvania.
- 17—Lester D. Waite, Ohio. Deceased.
- 18—George M. Teegarden, Iowa.
- 19—Not sure, but probably C. M. Rice, Ohio.
- 20—James M. Park—in lemon growing.
- 21—Rocoe G. Page, Maine. Man above Park.
- 22—Dudley Webster George, Kentucky.
- 23—Frank C. Holloway, Iowa.
- 24—O.K. As far as I know.
- 25—Explained already.
- 26—Edwin Frisbee, Massachusetts.
- 27—James Murphy, Wisconsin.
- 28—John Wilkins, Massachusetts.
- 29—Martin C. Fortescue, Pennsylvania.
- 30—Herman Eiber, Connecticut.
- 31—John C. Lentz, Pennsylvania.
- 32—John E. Crane, Maine.
- 33—William C. Pick, Rhode Island.
- 34—Warren L. Waters, Connecticut.
- 35—Jerome T. Elwell, Pennsylvania.
- 36—A. B. Greener, Ohio. I explained to you in a previous letter that I was not the college correspondent of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, etc.
- 37—Stanton F. Wheeler, Massachusetts.
- 38—Gorman D. Abbot, Connecticut.
- 39—Albert C. Powell, Ohio.
- 40—Frank Ross Gray, Illinois.
- 41—Wm. G. Jones, New York. Graduated and taught in the Fanwood School, New York until recently.
- 42—Harry White, Massachusetts.

Mr. Michaels is in error placing Keisel in his account for the latter was at that time a pupil of the Kendall School.

A. B. GREENER.

Columbus, Ohio.

The Silent Worker

(Entered at the Post office in Trenton as Second Class Matter)

ALVIN E. POPE, Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

Subscription price: \$2.00 a year positively in advance. Liberal commission to subscription agents. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.50; Canada \$2.25.

Advertising rates made known on application.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Articles for publication must be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

Vol. 40

February 1928

No. 5



In This and Our Next Issue

The leading article in this issue, reproduced by permission of McCall's Magazine, entitled "A Good Child Just a Little Spoiled," by Mr. John B. Watson, and illustrated by Louise Rumely, should receive the approval of every member who reads it, and we hope it will be read by many mothers and by many more who expect to be mothers. If they only realized how much harm is done to these innocent little darlings by such expressions of admiration and love they will desist in the harmful germ transferring habit which has been the custom for centuries.

The same magazine has given us permission to reprint "Raging Youth" by the same author in our March number. It is an article that appeals to the deaf as well as to the hearing.

The meager Meagher's Nadio broadcast has by far the best description of a sign-oration ever written by anyone, anywhere, anytime. It is worth clipping for future references. Nadio will continue to broadcast vivid pen-pictures of historical incidents at the Denver convention. He makes fun of everybody—including himself.

Mr. Crutcher, the funny man, tried to hibernate this winter, but got tired of it and comes out with another good one in the March issue. "A Hero Flops" is another mirth provoking article by B. B. Burns, that will make Crutch look out for his laurels.

Mr. Stevens' "Little Journeys Through Bohemia," will continue indefinitely from month to month.

With such delectable literary morsels we present before our readers a literary menu that ought to satisfy the most critical reader.

Try It

If each subscriber should discourage the habitual magazine borrower and suggest that they send us the price of a year's subscription, or even offer to send it for them, it will materially increase our subscription list. We want to make THE SILENT WORKER a better and more interesting magazine during 1928, but we must have money to pay for paper, ink, engravings and other necessities that go into the making of a magazine. If the deaf boost us we will boost the deaf.

Refreshing

It is refreshing to note the increase in number of the l. p. f. that come to our desk with handsomely embellished front page covers, the result of linoleum block cutting. Some are really artistic and show how closely related are the art and printing departments to one another. There is always more interest manifested by pupils in making things for some definite purpose than the mere creation of things that have no commercial value. We hope to see more of this during the coming years.

Thanks

We wish to thank the many friends who sent us Christmas and New Year cards. Some of them were in original verse, two of which we reproduce.

Lit by the hope that mounts up with the star
Beaming its message, old yet new;
Rapt with a spirit that glows afar—
Christmas—be this its blest meaning to you!
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McFarlane.

GREETING—

Now is the season when we pause
And cast our thoughts on social laws.
Thoughts unexpressed may fall back dead,
But live forever when they're said;
So, friend, my thoughts are here expressed,
May you with happiness be blessed.
We live not in the time that's past,
Nor in the future are we cast;
Today is still the friend of man
And this is true since time began;
Today we lift our thoughts above
And weave our webs of truth and love,
Through which the threads of gold may show
And the designs of beauty glow.
I'm wishing you a world of peace
Where joys of living still increase,
And may the years that yet remain
Be cherished as a glad refrain.

T. G. Arden.

The author of the above is Mr. G. M. Teegarden,

for many years instructor in the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf at Edgewood Park. G. T. Arden is his pen name.

Tested Recipe Service

We consider ourselves very fortunate in securing for our readers tested recipes from Recipe Service Co. of Philadelphia, Pa. These recipes are by Betty Barclay, a food writer whose exclusive material has appeared in scores of large monthlies. We feel that this service will be appreciated by our readers who are housewives or about to become so.

A Wise Choice

We have reliable information that Prof. Elwood Stevenson has been appointed principal of the California School for the Deaf, to take effect July 1st. In addition he is head of all the day schools of the state. Also he will be instructor of the class in training deaf teachers to be inaugurated in the San Francisco Teachers' College.

We are advised also that the controversy over the permanent site of the School has been settled for the time being. It is to remain where it is at present.

It now looks as if the California School at Berkeley would have pleasant sailing from now on.

Tuberculosis Test Endorsed

As a last word on the Portland Tuberculosis Test, Mayor George L. Baker advises the City Council regarding the outcome of the test, which we give on another page, believing it to be of general interest to the deaf as well as to the hearing. Ransome Sutton, of Pasadena, says:

"Whether you believe it or not, this message means that tuberculosis can be cured. Last April, when I began investigating the effects of Dr. Kirkpatrick's Body-Building Fluid, I thought tuberculosis incurable. I thought all that medical skill could do was to help the human body build tubercles around the deadly bacilli, wall them in, and thus arrest their ravages, but I've changed my mind. For I've seen sick-unto-death patients get well and stay well. I have become convinced that this veterinary is a sincere modern Pasteur, who has been curing cattle and people for seventeen years. And I believe that any open-minded investigator would reach the same conclusion. I believe that a majority of the people who take this simple treatment and follow the directions, get well—provided the disease is not too deep-seated. And Dr. Kirkpatrick says the disease is not too deep-seated, provided the patient can digest milk.

"Professor Emil F. Pernot, who knew more about tubercle bacilli than most doctors know about croup, was an open-minded investigator, and he finally concluded that this veterinary 'has discovered the secret of controlling the ravages of the great White Plague and other bacterial diseases.'

"I have talked with two distinguished members of the

Medical Association who recently made a thorough examination of quite a large number of Kirkpatrick's 'cured' cases. These doctors secured hospital records which show that the patients were, a few years ago, in a dying condition; they now have X-rays and laboratory records, as well as the healthy patients themselves, to show that the disease no longer exists, even in a latent condition. (I am not privileged to publish the names of the doctors, but I have authority to give the names and addresses of the doctors to the editor of any responsible publication who wishes to verify the facts.)

MARRIAGES

October, 1927—Lena G. Stoloff and Joseph Peters, both of New York City.

BIRTHS

September 1st—To Mr. and Mrs. Will Verberg, of Los Angeles, Calif., a girl, named Rosita Thea.

October 12, 1927—To Mr. and Mrs. Cora Seun, of Louisville, Ky., a boy, named Julius H., Jr.

October 26, 1927—To Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Carr Williams, of Hickory, N. C., a boy, named Billy Sandford

November 23, 1927—To Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hoppaugh, of Bloomfield, N. J., a girl, named Adele Martha

November 29—To Mr. and Mrs. James Joseph Davison, Jr., of North Bergen, N. J., a boy, named James Joseph Davison, Jr.

BOSTON Convention 1931 \$25.00 Prize

TO BE AWARDED FOR

BEST COVER DESIGN

FOR

The BOSTON BOOSTER

The Convention Committee of Boston Division No. 35, National Fraternal Society of the Deaf offers a prize of \$25.00 to the member (or non-member) who submits the best sketch for cover to be used on *The BOSTON BOOSTER*, our new publicity organ.

The judges will be chosen from the staff of the Rumford Press, Printers of many nationally-known high class magazines.

Send sketch to Business Editor, Charles Moscovitz, 16½ Chapel St., Concord, New Hampshire

Contest closes April 1, 1928.

For advertising space in the *BOSTON BOOSTER* apply to the Editor, William H. Battersby, 45 West Neptune St., West Lynn, Mass., or Business Editor. Address all communications to the Editor.

National Association of the Deaf

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *President*, 358 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

MARCUS L. KENNER, *First Vice-President*
200 West 111th Street, N. Y. City

C. BELLE ROGERS, *Second Vice-President*
Cedar Spring, So. Carolina

F. A. MOORE, *Secretary and Treasurer*
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.



OLOF HANSON, *Board Member*
4747—16 Ave.; N. E., Seattle, Wash.

MICHAEL LAPIDES, *Board Member*
Box 4051, Portland, Oregon

WILLIAM SCHAUB, *Board Member*
5917 Highland Ave.; St. Louis, Mo.

Organized 1880. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf

General Information

Buffalo Gets Convention

The Executive Board of the Association has voted to accept the invitation extended by the deaf people and civic bodies of Buffalo to hold its next convention in that city.

The Local Committee on Arrangements is now being selected, to be headed by Mr. James J. Coughlin as chairman. Announcement of the personnel of this committee will shortly be made.

The location is excellent, all things considered. Niagara Falls may be reached within a short time; transportation facilities to Buffalo from all parts of the country are good; the enthusiasm on the part of the deaf residents of Buffalo and the certain co-operation of various civic bodies makes the success of the convention assured from the start.

Convention in 1930

The Executive Board of the Association has also voted to hold the next convention in the summer of 1930, instead of 1929. The reason for this is that the National Association of the Deaf will in 1930 have been in existence fifty years. It was felt that the Washington convention in 1926 overlooked this fact, and that had the matter been called to its attention, the 1930 date would have been selected. The Board has therefore designated 1930, in order that the semi-centennial of the Association may be fittingly celebrated.

The event will be fittingly celebrated. The Program committee will be selected and put to work immediately. There will be two and one-half years in which to make preparations for the convention, and preparations have already begun. The Buffalo deaf have been ready for some time to begin work, and the word has now been given to go ahead.

A World's Congress

It is hoped to make the Buffalo convention one long to be remembered. Invitations will be extended all European bodies of the deaf to participate, and in effect make the event a World's Congress of the Deaf. The program to be prepared will be the most thorough and comprehensive in the history of the Association. It is expected to have the program cover every phase of activity engaged in by the deaf of this and other countries, and that the proceedings of the Congress will demonstrate to the world the present status of the deaf, their education, capabilities, and advancement.

The De l'Epee Memorial

The Washington convention of 1926 went on record as desiring to close the collection and erect the De l'Epee

memorial at the earliest possible date. It was felt that the Association had spent too much time and money on memorials, to the detriment of other and more necessary projects involving the present welfare of the deaf.

It is believed that with the money now in the De l'Epee fund, and the additional collections between now and 1930, the memorial may be completed, erected, and dedicated at the Semi-Centennial celebration in 1930. To this end, the Executive Board of the Association has authorized the Secretary to obtain the views of members at large, and if the consensus of opinion favors the plan, the De l'Epee Memorial committee will be instructed to proceed with the selection of the sculptor, acceptance of design, and erection of the memorial in time for dedication in 1930.

All active members are requested to reply promptly on receipt of inquiry from Secretary Moore at Trenton, N. J. These inquiries are now being prepared and will shortly be sent out.

The Endowment Fund

The Endowment fund of the Association has now reached nearly \$11,000. The trustees of the fund are widely scattered, and are not in a position to give much time and thought to the investment and reinvestment of the fund. At the suggestion of the president, the Washington convention authorized the placing of the fund in a trust account. Arrangements have now been made, approved by the Executive Board, whereby the fund will be placed in a Custodian Account, with the Central Trust Company of Illinois, the Chicago banking institution of Vice-President Charles G. Dawes. The Trust Company will take over the fund, submit investments for approval, buy and sell securities, collect interest, and otherwise administer the fund so that the interest income will be constant and the Endowment grow steadily. The Trust Company will make annual reports to the Association as to the condition of the fund, or oftener on request.

Educational Matters

Beginning in the fall of 1926, extending through 1927, and still presenting a situation that must be watched, the administration has co-operated with the Illinois deaf, led by the Alumni Association of the Illinois school, in the endeavor to improve conditions at the Jacksonville institution. As a result of these operations, a drastic change in management was made at Jacksonville early in 1927. A new managing officer was placed in charge, who was well liked by everyone connected with the school and in Jacksonville. Later on, the management was changed again, through political influences. The present managing officer is a man of high character and long service in the State, and appears to be improving conditions. The political situation in the State, however, is uncertain, and

it is felt that the Jacksonville school suffers unduly from political dominance. The administration will continue to co-operate with the Illinois deaf in the endeavor to improve conditions whenever necessary. It may be remarked, in passing, that while the action of the Illinois Alumni leaders and the N. A. D. administration met with steadfast co-operation on the part of the deaf in the State, and a large sum was raised to carry the fight to the proper authorities, an attempt was made to discredit the persons in charge of the campaign, and to place them in prison for conspiracy. The attempt did not succeed, of course. There can be no conspiracy in pointing out graft, political dominance, and corruption, wherever it may be found.

Other matters dealing with education and publicity have been called to our attention, and action in these will be taken in due time. It would be unwise, however, to give these matters publicity at this time.

Automobile Legislation

We believe that at the present time no state in the union has legislation on its statute books depriving the deaf of the right to operate motor vehicles. Laws and regulations of this nature have gradually been eliminated by the determined activity of the deaf and their friends.

New Hampshire has an automobile commissioner who still refuses to sanction deaf drivers. The N. A. D. Traffic Bureau is concentrating in this last hold-out, and expects to effect a change in the ruling there.

In this favorable situation, it is up to all deaf drivers of motor cars to take care that they preserve the good opinion of the public, and to continue to demonstrate that they are good and efficient drivers, and not a menace to the safety of the public. One reckless deaf driver might be sufficient to destroy this good opinion, and precipitate a fight for our rights that would prove costly and long drawn out.

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS,
President.

CHICAGO, JANUARY, 14, 1928.

THE N. A. D. CONTINUES TO GROW

Through continued effort your Association continues to grow, and there is every indication that, before the next convention, it will have a very formidable membership. And may we remind the members—old and new—of:

*It ain't the guns and armament,
Nor the army as a whole;
But the everlastin' teamwork
Of every blomin' soul* ..

that makes for success. Now, if we can have "everlastin' teamwork" in the matter of boosting the N. A. D., the greater and stronger we will grow.

LACK OF FUNDS

Since the founding of the National Association of succeeded to some extent, it is not satisfied. There is still the Deaf in 1880, one of its chief duties has been to educate the Public about the Deaf, and it is still at it. The Association wishes the Public to understand and appreciate the value of the Deaf to Society, and to eradicate the mistaken notion that they are a liability and not an asset. But even though the Association has succeeded to some extent, it is not satisfied. There is still a great deal to do in this line, but we are handicapped without your co-operation.

We must have funds to carry out any kind of a large project. To get the funds we are now building up an Endowment fund with life-membership fees. When the fund reaches a large enough sum, we can derive sufficient income from it to enable us to hire permanent officers who can devote their entire time to the welfare of the Deaf.

The Endowment fund is now around \$11,000. We must have over \$50,000 before we can expect any real results from the income. We have set \$15,000 as our goal before the 1930 convention, and urge every deaf person to assist us to realize the goal. The life-membership fee is only \$10. This is very reasonable. It is within the reach of everybody. Send yours to F. A. Moore, School for the Deaf, Trenton, New Jersey.

A CHALLENGE TO INTELLIGENCE

At the beginning of each new year, the good business man takes stock of his situation in order that he may plan ahead. He *thinks*, because otherwise he could not *act* intelligently.

Taking stock of one's moral obligations is just as important as surveying one's business obligations, so we make no apology for suggesting that N-O-W is the time for intelligent deaf people, who appreciate the value of their rights, to consider whether they are taking full advantage of what the N. A. D. offers in the way of safeguarding those rights. The National Association of the Deaf, by reason of its large membership and representation in every State, is well prepared to help you. It is for the mutual benefit of *all* the Deaf.

DUE NOTICE AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Last November, notice was sent to those members behind in their dues. Out of over a thousand letters mailed out, more than 200 were returned because of wrong addresses. We are sure many of those 200, who have failed to notify the Secretary-treasurer of their address changes, will be only too glad to pay their dues if reminded. We are therefore having the due-notice printed below. In the majority of instances the dues amount to one dollar (\$1.00). Send us a dollar, and if more should have been sent, we will notify you. Do not forget to give us the old address, besides the new one. This will help us locate your name in our files in case you have moved to another state. The notice sent out last November was:

NOVEMBER, 1927.

Dear Member:—

Last May you were notified that your annual membership dues of \$. were payable, but up to this time you have failed to pay them. A few days ago we received a letter from a member with her dues enclosed. She said that she had intended from time to time to pay the dues but had always "put it off." We believe you, too, have been intending to pay your dues, but have for one reason or another failed to do so. For your convenience we are sending you in this letter a self-addressed envelope. If your dues amount to a dollar, just enclose a dollar bill with the coupon below, and send it along. If the dues are over a dollar, send a check or a money order. Be sure to write your name and address in the coupon.

As soon as we receive the dues we will send you a receipt. The N. A. D. needs your help. The more members we have, the stronger we will be.

Sincerely yours,

F. A. MOORE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Christmas at the Detroit Association of the Deaf



Stage setting and Christmas Tree at the Detroit Fraternal Club of the Deaf, a "Booster" club for Detroit Div. No. 2, N.F.S.D., with Ivan Heymanson, Acting Chairman, shaking hands with Thomas J. Kenney, who is playing the role of Santa Claus.



The annual Christmas Festival of the Detroit Association of the Deaf at its club room, 320 Fort St., Dec. 24, 1927, was unanimously declared the best in its history. The chief attraction was a playlet in which a little pine tree, with the aid of the Tree Fairy, tried to make the audience happy by its acquired beauty.

The Argonaut

By J. W. Flowson

THE investigation being conducted into the educational facilities now provided for the deaf of the state of California, and of the state school for the deaf in Berkeley in particular, is beginning to get under way. In addition it is apt to over-leap matters purely educational and look into the affairs of the adult deaf, for no educational system can be thoroughly surveyed without taking into account the finished product.

This investigation apparently had its inception in the failure of a bill providing for the sale of the school grounds at the last session of the Legislature. This coupled with the reorganization of the entire educational system of the state, has made the investigation assume a many sided affair. If the numerous commissions and individuals, official and unofficial, who are now examining into the condition and welfare of the deaf of the state, do not produce some marked benefits to the deaf, then I miss my guess. At the very least, knowledge of the deaf as a class will be much increased. A lot of people are going to learn that the life of the deaf is not at all what they pictured it to be. It is going

zation of the state's educational system, and directly affecting the deaf has been the appointment of Dr. Anita Muhl, Psychiatrist, to be chief of the Division of Special Education. All public schools for the deaf fall under



Theophilus d'Estrella, first pupil to enter the California School for the Deaf, in his early youth affected the goatee common to the times. This picture was taken around the time that he became a teacher at the school. Incidentally, though having passed the three-quarter century mark, he is still actively engaged in teaching.

to show up a whole lot better than public fancy paints it to be.

One of the innovations resulting from the reorgani-



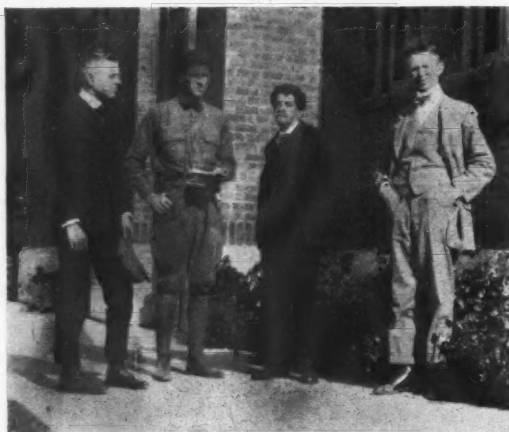
T. d'Estrella dressed in hiking togs of the early seventies. Mr. d'Estrella has been a member of various outing clubs, being prominent in the Sierra Club. His travels on foot have carried him during three score years over thousands of miles, and he is still at it.

this division. The word psychiatrist will no doubt need explanation to the readers of this column. In fact the dictionary I have before me does not even contain the word. To a gathering of the deaf in San Francisco, Dr. Muhl herself explained that a psychiatrist dealt with the mind and encroached upon the field of the psychologist, but with this difference that the psychiatrist not only studied the mind, but also provided remedies for correction of mental defects. In this connection it was necessary for a psychiatrist to be a doctor as well.

In a previous address at the state school, Dr. Muhl gave some inkling of her field when she stated children failing to show capabilities for becoming independent members of society, wholly or partially, should be weeded out to make way for brighter and more competent children. The incapables should be taken care of in institutions adapted to their needs.

There is no doubt that considerable economic waste

is present in the educational system of our country. But so long as the wealth of the nation is increasing by leaps and bounds there is little organized complaint. Then, too, there is the difficulty of deciding just where to draw the line. In order to avoid doing injustice to any single individual child, there are no doubt many children on whom the time and attention of teachers and the money of the state are being lavished without any



Not very large of stature T. d'Estrella looks even smaller amongst this group of more than average height. Left to right, Oscar Lee, Carol Land, T. d'Estrella, W. S. Runde.

reasonable expectation of its ultimate return. I recall one case of a little deaf boy at the California School, who for the first year or two bore all the ear-marks of imbecility. But not only did he work out of this condition, but he also graduated with considerable credit to himself and the school, and became so far as I know an economic asset to the state.

While so much notice is being given to the state school and to the deaf of the state, it might be appropriate to call attention to the most unique individual amongst all the deaf of the state. I refer to Theophilus d'Estrella. T. d'Estrella knows more about the state school than any man living, for he was the first pupil and has ever since been in contact with the school, either as a pupil or as a teacher. Furthermore, no one knows as much as he about the deaf of California. Of the graduates and former pupils of the school he has made a life long study, having preserved careful records of each case. He was not only a friend of Dr. Wilkinson, who for forty-four years guided the destinies of the state school, but he was a confidant as well. Dr. Wilkinson relied much upon his knowledge of school affairs and of the deaf in general in making his decisions.

Theophilus d'Estrella entered the school for the deaf in 1861. The school was then located in San Francisco. Theophilus was then nine years of age. The original roll of the school pupils shows him listed as the first pupil. He was entered on the rolls as Theodore de Rute, which was later on changed to the more euphonious name which he now bears. He was entirely uneducated, an orphan looked after by an aunt. But he had observed much upon the streets of San Francisco, where he had resided and where he was allowed to roam. His observations, his imaginations as to the nature and causes of physical phenomena, especially his ideas as to the sun, moon, and stars, he remembered

when he later on acquired a knowledge of written language. These were considered of so much value that they were made the object of special study and report by Williams James, the eminent psychologist of Harvard University.

Theophilus graduated from the school with honors and later spent some years as a regular student at the University of California. After leaving college Mr. d'Estrella became a regular teacher at the state school for the deaf and a special teacher in art. In addition, he was very actively identified with all pupils' organizations and took a leading part in their affairs. Granville Redmond, California's greatest landscape painter, and one of the few deaf men appearing in motion picture plays, was a pupil of his.

Mr. d'Estrella was also a lover of nature and a member of various outing clubs, and he took extended hikes which led him all over the mountain country of the West. It is little wonder then that his various activities both amongst the deaf and the hearing brought about strong friendships in both groups. Now having reached the three-quarter century mark in years, his activities are somewhat curtailed, yet he still continues his classroom work and finds opportunity to carry on some of his old time hobbies which keep him in contact with life outside the institution. The long tie which binds him to the California School for the Deaf is a record that has probably never been equalled in institution history.

"The development of the Charity Fair" is the title of a pamphlet composed of extracts from the address given to The American Otological Society, by C. W. Barron. Now Mr. Barron is editor and publisher of *The Wall Street Journal*, *Barron's Financial Weekly* and



T. d'Estrella in more recent years, ready for a walk into the hills. He has scaled the loftiest mountain peaks in the west and through his ability to pantomime, he has always been a welcome addition at the camp-fires of outing clubs.

other papers. As such Mr. Barron's pamphlet is worthy of a whole lot of attention. He tells how by presenting facts or convincing arguments one may awaken the charity ear, so to speak, and secure large sums of money for particularly meritorious purposes.

Mr. Barron gives some "facts" concerning the deaf that I question. One school for the deaf has, he states, sent graduates through dozens of universities. At the very least this means 24 universities; it might with better reason be expected to mean 36, or 60 universities. As Mr. Barron places so much emphasis upon data, I would very much like to know the names of those universities, and the names of the particular deaf from one school who graduated from them.

There is a whole lot in Mr. Barron's talk about the deaf that well-informed deaf themselves will look askance at. However, it sounds good to the uninitiated or the half-initiated, and it will draw the charity ear, just as it brought across \$30,000 over a dinner table. Mr. Barron knows how to raise money and he tells how it is done. The main thing is to have your argument ready and to approach the high-moned men. Mark well the last. While the National Association of the Deaf has had its members working for years to collect a few thousand dollars for various funds and Gallaudet College is laboriously raising the sum of \$50,000 through systematic efforts of its graduates in nearly every state of the union, Mr. Barron tells how, if you approach the right people in the right way, hundreds of thousands of dollars, yes, even millions may be secured at a single clip. These are data in Mr. Barron's field and they are facts. Gallaudet College and the National Association of the Deaf might well take notice.



Speaking about raising of funds, the National Association of the Deaf is on the right track with its \$10.00 life membership campaign. Funds derived from this source go into a permanent endowment fund. The University



Mrs. Jack London and T. d'Estrella, taken in 1922. Through his artistic attainments Mr. d'Estrella, has made many friends amongst authors, poets and painters.

of California has a similar procedure. Here the annual membership dues of the alumni association are \$3.00, the life membership \$50.00. Receipts from the life mem-

bership go into an endowment fund. There are nearly 20,000 members of the alumni association and there is a continuous flow into the life membership class. The alumni endowment fund now amounts to more than



T. d'Estrella at the grave of his cousin. At his right stands his aunt. As a boy Mr. d'Estrella roamed the streets of San Francisco, before the establishment of any school for the deaf in the state. He picked up much by observation and the ideas he formed were when he acquired a knowledge of the English language, made a subject of much study by psychologists.

\$50,000, it is fast approaching the hundred thousand mark and is expected eventually to reach a million dollars. Special inducements are made to graduates to join the alumni association. Preference in securing seats to athletic contests, especially the football games, to commencement and other exercises, is a strong drawing card. Then, too, each member receives monthly a large and well illustrated alumni magazine and has admittance to the alumni rooms in the fine students' union building on the college campus. All these, as well as full voting rights and participation in all activities of the association, makes the organization the largest of its kind in the world. Against such inducements as these the N. A. D. would be seriously handicapped. It will be well for the N. A. D. to pool its resources from time to time and make the best offer it can to its members, especially to the life members.

"Meester Yones, what ees a polah beah?" asked Tony.

"A polah bear," replied Mr. Jones, "is a large, savage animal that inhabits the pclar regions."

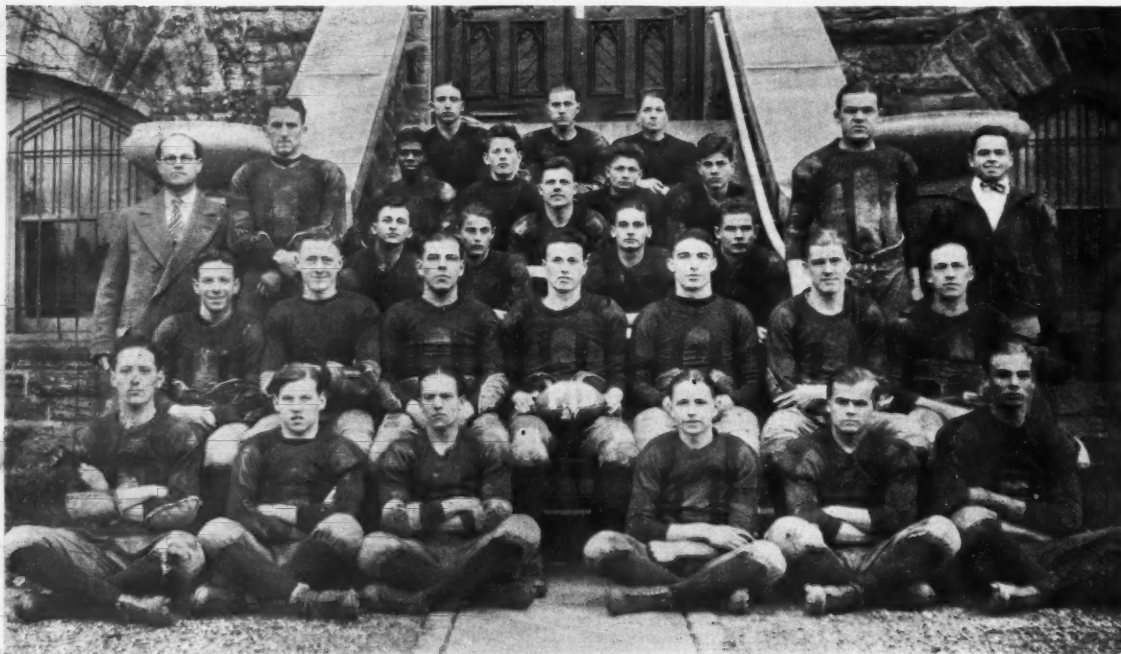
"But Meester Yones, what does he do?" queried Tony, anxiously.

Do? Why, he don't do anything but sit on the ice and eat fish. Why do you ask?"

"Mine oldt frendt Peterson, he die and day hafe de fun-ne-ral and Meeses Petersen want me to be polah beah. I do anything for her, but I not set on ice and eat fish!"

Sports in General

Edited By Frederick A. Moore



The Mount Airy Football Team

P. I. D. Has Had Brilliant Record on the Gridiron Last Four Years

(By Stan Baumgartner in *The Philadelphia Inquirer*)

DEAFNESS, an affliction in the eyes of all normal persons, is the "blessing in disguise" which has led to the glorious football record of the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf, located in Mt. Airy, Pennsylvania.

In four years, starting with the season of 1924 and carrying through the Germantown-P. I. D. game two weeks ago, the pupils of Coach Harlow had won thirty-three and lost three; have scored 826 points to their opponents' 93, and have had their goal line crossed by but one team this year.

This is a record, an accomplishment not to be viewed with sympathy and joyous pity, but a mark of envy to be looked at with alarm by all schoolboy athletes who proudly boast of their prowess on the gridiron.

Stifle those tears which creep to the corners of your eyes as you watch the midget warriors of Mt. Airy go through their weird digit gesticulation as they line up against a huskier and apparently more powerful eleven.

Push down that lump in your throat that rises to stop your breathing when you see an injured P. I. D. boy on the field, surrounded by mates who look appealingly at the stands and wildly wave and grunt for help.

It is all wasted emotions, as useless as the coals to Newcastle; the diamonds shipped to Johannesburg, or the smiles given to your mother-in-law.

Deprived of the faculty of hearing; the other senses have

been correspondingly developed. Because of their affliction their eyesight is ten per cent. sharper than that of the normal youngster. Each boy is taught to read the lips. This leads to the keen appraisal of facial expression. And in football the surest way to detect where the play is to be directed is to watch the face, eyes and "leanings" of the opposition.

Just how much facial expression plays in football is well illustrated by a story which Knute Rockne told over the radio last Sunday night in explaining his defeat by the Army.

"Last Year," spoke Knute, "Wilson, of the Army, tipped us off every time he was carrying the ball by the flush in his face. Thinking to do Jones a good turn I told him about the weakness of Wilson.

"This year our boys looked for the same sign. Lo! and Behold! when a signal was called the whole Army back-field blushed. My men were up in the air. It was the first time that a four-flusher had whipped the fighting Irish from Notre Dame.

"After the game I cornered Jones and asked: 'How come, the blushing back-field?'

"The doctors fixed that up for me,' laughingly answered the coach. 'We were not going to be caught napping again. A little rouge did the trick.' "

We suppose even Harlow's alert warriors would find that

a tough nut to crack. Yet we doubt whether it would halt P. I. D. for Harlow trains his men to "watch that ball."

"Watch that ball" is the slogan which heads every written football instruction and as all of Harlow's tips are typed the maxim must sink into the recesses of their football brains. In fact the deaf warriors can not help keeping their eyes on the pigskin and therein lies the secret of football success.

Times have changed at P. I. D. since Harlow became the director of athletics at the Mt. Airy institution. Coming from Bridgewater College less than four years ago, bulwarked with special courses in athletic training at George Peabody College and the University of Illinois, the engaging tutor revolutionized sports.

The first year was hard, athletic equipment was scarce, and knowledge of the right and wrong in athletics was fragmentary. Equipment was probably one of the biggest problems. The P. I. D. teams that were sent on the field often presented a nondescript appearance with no two jersey's alike. Many times we have thought that two or three of the suits looked suspiciously like the coach's raiment when he played at Bridgewater.

We still carry a mental picture of a substitute being sent into the game and time being taken out until the man going in had had time to put on the shoes of the man coming out. This fall P. I. D. has begun to see the rainbow.

The team that stepped on the field to play Germantown, looked neat, well dressed, and trained to the minute. And how they play the game; all little fellows but with the spirit of giants. In looking over the team's prospectus we find that but one youngster tips the beam at 159 pounds. Four kids balance the scales between 120 and 130. Five fail to swing the beam above 140. Yet they have the temerity to challenge elevens which outweigh them fifteen pounds to the man. And the best of it is that they beat those teams.

How do they do it? P. I. D. wins its football games because the boys are the toughest physically, most alert mentally and the "fightingest fighters" that ever trod a gridiron.

Just before one of P. I. D. games we walked up to Harlow, jotted down his line-up and then asked for the probable substitutes.

"Substitutes?" queried the coach in a puzzled manner. "We don't have any. The eleven men who start the game finish it, no time is taken out, no man leaves the field."

Late in the game Seward, quarterback, who could grace any college gridiron with distinction tore around left end for a thirty-five yard run. He was tackled viciously, hit the solid ground with a thud and bounced up again like a hard rubber ball. Before he was tackled he had gained ten more yards. But when the skein of tacklers was unravelled, Seward lay unconscious on the field.

His fellow-players gathered around him, babbling furiously, shaking his shoulders, working his legs. Slowly his senses returned and Seward struggled to his feet. With his head swinging back and forth he gathered his teammates around him, gave the signal and then toppled to the ground as the whistle blew, ending the game. Truly, Harlow teaches his boys American manhood in its fullest sense.

We wondered how the coach "put his lessons across" under the difficulty of deafness. Here is what he says:

"New plays are given to the team by diagramming the play and typing the instructions about it and giving carbon copies to each member of the squad. Occasionally a blackboard is used, but I found the above-mentioned plan to be the best. I then explain the play orally to the team, and they read my lips for any further details. After drill has begun on the field to develop the play all corrections are made orally to the members of the team. Written instructions are given the team before each game.

"P. I. D. is one of the pioneer schools for the use of purely oral methods in training the deaf. Yes, they do make use of signs among themselves, because it is easier than the concentrated attention that is necessary for lip-reading. No signs whatever are taught to the pupils of the school and all that they may use are learned from other sources than the school itself. Each child is taught to read the lips and to speak and practically every deaf child can be taught to speak. Thus the name "dumb" has been officially dropped from the school name. P. I. D. is not a preparatory school, but a part of the public school system that is specialized to meet the needs of the deaf child.

"Twenty years is the maximum age limit for pupils to attend, and a great many do attend until they reach this age because they are delayed several years by their handicap. Their progress in school depends largely on their ability to read the lips and speak.

"The pupils are sent mostly from the eastern part of Pennsylvania, and the Department of Public Instruction pays the school an allowance for each pupil from the State. Industrial training as well as academic education is given to each pupil by the school."



FRONT—Left to right: Busby, end; Kilgore, tackle; Crosby, guard; Jones, center; Gregory, guard; Magro, tackle; Wall, end.
BEHIND: Principal Manning; Pate, l. h. back; Letson, q. back; Wright, h. back; Stephens, f. back; Little, l. h. back; Coach Wren.

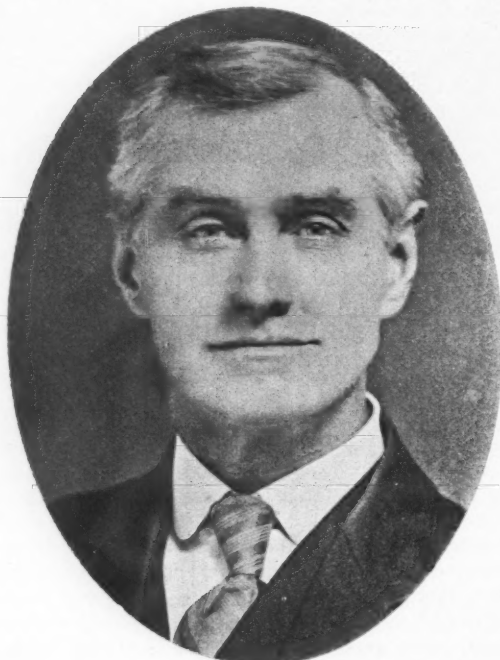
THE ALABAMA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF FOOT- BALL TEAM

The Alabama School undertook a rather difficult schedule this year and came out with three victories and six defeats. Most of the players were first year boys and light. The team will remain practically intact next year and should make a better showing. Much of the success of this year's team was due to coach Wren, a native son of Talladega and a World War hero.

Reuben S. Weaver, A Skillful Wood-worker



R. REUBEN S. WEAVER is a native of Virginia. He has lived and worked in this state all of his life. He was born at Spring Creek, in Rockingham County, near Harrisonburg, in a section of famous battle fields and orchards. He became deaf from brain-fever when he was four years old. At twelve years of age,



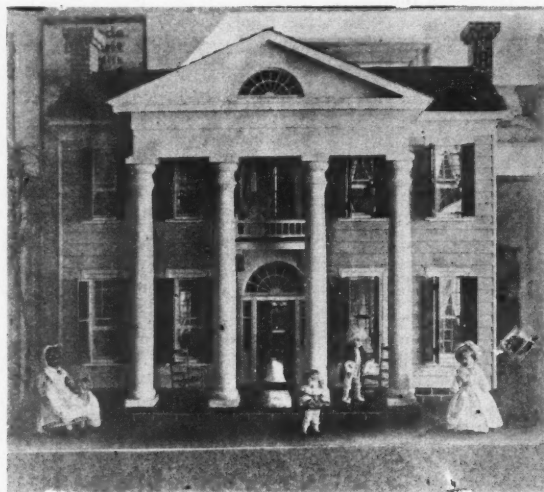
R. S. Weaver

he was admitted to the Virginia School for the Deaf at Staunton, and continued until he graduated in 1875. J. C. Covell was then Superintendent; and Rev. Job Turner one of his teachers. While in school, he learned his trade as cabinet-making and carpentry. He has



Mr. Weaver and his first machine. He was the first deaf man to own and drive a machine in Virginia in 1900

followed his trade since leaving school. He is one of the most skillful workers, and has never failed on a piece of work. Many times in shops and factories, there has been work that the whole body of workmen were unable to do, but not so with Mr. Weaver. He could finish what they failed to do. The greatest part of his

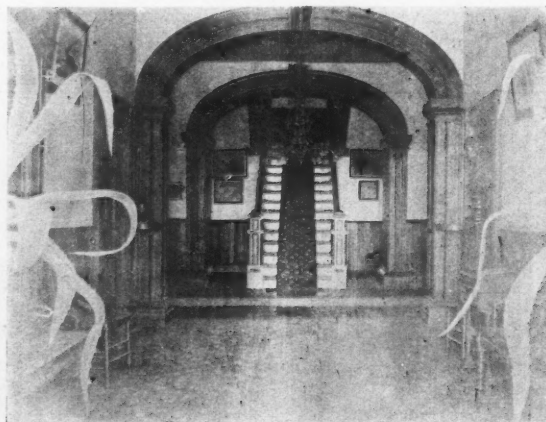


This colonial doll house which won a blue ribbon prize and medal was built by deaf boys under Mr. Weaver's instruction in the year 1907 for Jamestown Exposition

life has been spent in and around Staunton, Va. In 1888, he married Miss Lucy Cammack a former classmate of his. In 1910, she died. Later he was married to Miss Lucy Johnson. They now have two fine daughters, who are doing splendidly in the public school.

Mr. Weaver was the first deaf person who owned and drove an automobile in Virginia. He was a very careful driver and has no accidents charged against him. One of his pictures appears in this issue.

In the year of 1896, Mr. William A. Bowles, former superintendent of this school, appointed Mr. Weaver as instructor of our cabinet-making and carpentry depart-



This arch and stairway were built by Mr. Weaver. He had to cut through — inches of wall to make an arch to match the others. It took a skillful man to do the job. Former Superintendent Bowles was very proud of him, so he wrote a note in regard to it and put it and his picture in the right newel as you face it.

ment, and since that time he has given faithful service.

He is very active and is doing fine work. Mr. Weaver has already turned out many fine workers, who are doing well in business.

He is known and loved by all deaf people in Virginia, and has many friends out of the state.

Mr. Weaver owns a nice home which was built by himself without blue print—Mr. Weaver is our Bible Class leader and is doing well with it.

R. AUMON BASS.

A Letter By Laurent Clerc.

WHILE looking through some old papers belonging to the Kentucky Literary Society of the Deaf a few days ago, Mrs. Marcossion came across the following letter from Laurent Clerc, the first deaf teacher of the deaf in America. It was written to two of our teachers in connection with the unveiling of a monument to Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, founder of the first American school for the deaf, at Hartford. Mr. Gallaudet, the associate and friend of Mr. Clerc, had died two or three years before, and the present monument at Hartford had been erected through contributions by the deaf all over the United States.

Mr. Clerc wrote a beautiful hand, firm and clear though he was over sixty years of age at the time the letter was written. When Clerc agreed to accompany Mr. Gallaudet to America to help found the Hartford school he had no knowledge of the English language. He must have studied English to good purpose after deciding to come, for the letter reveals a grammatical accuracy and discriminating choice of words not often found in the writings of either foreigners or the congenitally deaf.

Mr. John A. Jacobs, Sr., studied methods of teaching and the sign language under Mr. Clerc for a year and a half, bringing the Hartford system to Danville. The two were lifelong friends.

A steel engraving of the Gallaudet monument referred to hangs in our chapel.

Hartford, July 24, 1854.

Messrs. John Blount
and
Jordan D. Cozatt
My dear friends,

Kentucky Inst. for the D. and D.

This is to inform you, and through you, the other Deaf and Dumb residing in your place and its vicinity, or those whom you may have a chance of meeting elsewhere that after some discussion with the Executive Committee, *Wednesday the sixth day of September* next, has been appointed as the day upon which the ceremony of the raising of the Gallaudet monument is to take place at the American Asylum in Hartford, in the presence of the President, Directors, Professors and graduates of the Asylum, the Principals and professors of the other institutions throughout the United States, the governors and other distinguished gentlemen of New England and other neighboring States, to whom letters of invitation to attend, will be sent sometime next month. I doubt not but that you will arrange matters so as to be able to come without fail; for although Mr. Carlin has been chosen to deliver the oration and has accepted the appointment, it is my intention to invite such former pupils as I think suitable for the purpose, to come forward on the platform and deliver speeches of a page in length, for as there will be several speakers, they must necessarily make short addresses, to be delivered by signs and prepared in writing for the benefit of the hearing and speaking public.

I mean to invite you, Mr. Blount, to come forward, and I hope you will not hesitate. You need not tax your brain in order to find out pretty things to say. Eulogies on the dead should not be overdone; justice has been done to the memory of Dr. Gallaudet; the services which he has rendered are generally acknowledged and gratefully remembered; all you have to do therefore, is simply express the feelings of love, respect and

gratitude which the Deaf and Dumb of Kentucky and other Southwestern States feel for him. Another deaf and dumb will do the same for the D. and D. of another State, and so on till we arrive at four or five which is the exact number of the divisions of the U. S.: That is: *Eastern States, Middle States, Southern States, Southwestern States and Western States.*

There is another subject of great importance to which I would call your attention in particular and of the Deaf and Dumb in general. The monument is to cost \$2500. We have raised but about 2000 dollars. Let us, then endeavor to raise the balance which is 500 dollars more before the 6th of September, that we may pay the sculptor soon after, according to our contract with him. If you have collected any more money since the amount you sent to me; or if you think you can raise more, do it immediately, and send or bring it with the names of the contributors. I have heard nothing from Mr. Willard since we met at Columbus.

Please present my best regard to Mr. Jacobs, and tell him that the invitation to the Principals and Professors to honor our gathering with their presence, will be found in the next number of the *Annals* which will make its appearance some time next week, and I trust they will receive it in season.

Mr. Newsom, of Philadelphia, is to lithograph the drawing of the monument and will bring about 500 copies to be sold to all the Deaf and Dumb at 50 cents apiece. Get subscriptions from such Deaf and Dumb in Kentucky and elsewhere, who desire to buy one copy. Bring the money and you will take the drawing along with you when you return to Kentucky.

Yours sincerely,
LAURENT CLERC.

Mr. K — wrote you a day or two ago. He is a very good young gentleman and is making great improvement in his studies.

[This postscript refers to Richard Kavanaugh who went from the Kentucky School to Hartford to finish his education. Kavanaugh later became a teacher in the Missouri School at Fulton.]—*Kentucky Standard.*

"I refuse to take part unless you alter the manuscript."

"Why?"

"It requires that I be stabbed in the prologue and I prefer to be stabbed somewhere else."



Mae Strasaberg and Claire Satre, former Minnesota girls now New Yorkers.

The LONG HORNS

"The eyes of Texas are upon you." By Troy E. Hill

The Gallaudet Memorial Fund

"DICITUR ÆTERNUMQUE TENET PER
SÆCULA NOMEN."



HAVE just finished reading a late issue of the *Buff and Blue*, and in regard to the Treasurer's Report on the E. M. Gallaudet Memorial Fund, I feel that it is time some one comes forward and says something about it. Prof. Drake is entirely right when he says that the Gallaudet graduates, and ex-students are not doing their part towards pushing the Fund over the total amount set. Just what is the matter with these graduates and ex-students that have so far failed to do their share towards completing the Drive?

I have often been told by hearing friends that the deaf people, as a whole, were the most ungrateful group of people in the world, and while I must confess such statements have caused me to put on war paint and give the lie to them, I am forced to say that I believe they are right after all, for taken as a whole haven't the deaf people of the United States of America shown that they are ungrateful by their failure to come to the front and put the E. M. Gallaudet Memorial Fund over the top? Haven't we everything in the world to be thankful for? Don't we owe practically everything we have to the Gallaudets? Don't all the College graduates, and ex-students in the country owe Gallaudet College their undying gratitude for the chance they

have had; for the many friends they have made; for the pleasures without number that they have enjoyed merely on account of their having attended Gallaudet College? Wasn't E. M. Gallaudet the man that did most towards establishing and keeping Gallaudet College before the public, and in keeping it open for the Deaf?



W. H. Davis, and Geo. A. Brooks, both Gallaudet 1899. Davis was a crack baseball and track star for Gallaudet, while bro. Brooks was one of Gallaudet's greatest football players. Both have been teachers in the Texas School for the Deaf since graduation from College in 1899



W. H. Davis, Gallaudet 1899. Teacher, in the Texas School for the Deaf ever since his graduation in 1899, and friend of countless hundreds of Deaf children in Texas. State agent for the E. M. Gallaudet Memorial Fund.

YES, WELL, THEN, WHY DON'T YOU GALLAUDET GRADUATES, YOU EX-STUDENTS OF GALLAUDET, come on out in the front and fight to get the Fund over the top?

Some of you have argued in the past that you did not like the intentions of the College authorities towards the final disposition of the money when it was raised. There it is, many of you want your own personal wishes followed without regard to the wishes of others, and like a six-year old kid, when you find you can't have your way you go crawl under the bed and pout. SHAME ON YOU, ONE AND ALL. This is a Memorial to E. M. Gallaudet. Regardless as to what is done with the money when it is finally raised, whether a new dormitory is built for the men, a new gymnasium, or a new office building, it will be "DICITUR ÆTERNUMQUE TENET PER SÆCULA NOMEN," or in plain English it is called after him, and preserves his name forever throughout the ages. That fact alone ought to make each and every Gallaudet graduate, and every ex-student of Gallaudet, to get out, roll up his shirt sleeves and hit the ball, and hit it hard, and never let up until the last penny of the goal set has been obtained, but not only that, but we should put thousands of dollars over the goal set.

Perhaps some of you say you have done enough. It's true some four or five States have filled their quotas, but what is wrong with the other States? Where art you Gallaudet men and Gallaudet women in these states hiding. Why don't you get back of the Fund, and put it over the top in your home state? ANSWER ME, with pledges, with paid pledges, and I'll be satisfied. So will Prof. Drake, and others who have worked hard to put the Fund across. To the Gal-



Home of R. L. Davis, Gallaudet '09, who lives at Austin, Texas, and has been a teacher in the Texas School for the Deaf since leaving College. Robert Davis' home was built entirely by himself and some of the Deaf carpenters at Austin. He is a brother of W. H. Davis the subject of this articles.

laudet graduates, ex-students, and to every deaf man and woman in the following states, I say, "THE EYES OF TEXAS ARE UPON YOU." What are you going to do about it? (1) California, (2) Illinois, (3) Indiana, (4) Iowa, (5) Kentucky, (6) Pennsylvania, (7) Massachusetts, (8) Michigan, (9) Minnesota, (10) Missouri, (11) New York, (12) New Jersey, (13) Ohio, (14) Tennessee, (15) Mississippi. There are a few of the large states that have not completed their quotas. Most of them have not pledged anywhere near half of their quotas, much less paid it in.

I have had deaf men, and deaf women, some of them college graduates, come down here in Texas, and talk about how wonderful their own states were, how good their schools were, how much better the deaf people at their home states were educated than the Texas deaf people were. One of them consistently refers to the Texas school as rotten; says his State school was much better. But as for me, I'd rather say I am from Texas, a graduate of the School for the Deaf, and say, Look at our place in the E. M. Gallaudet Memorial Fund. We have pledged over \$2000.00. We have paid into the Treasury far in excess of our quota. Yes, I'm from Texas, and darned glad of it, and proud of the Gallaudet graduates we have down here. That is, most of them, and prouder still of the rank and file of the deaf of the great Longhorn State, and can anyone of you blame me for feeling proud? Haven't I got a right to feel proud? Haven't I got a right to get after you slackers who haven't pledged your share, much less paid it into the Treasury? If TEXAS hasn't the right, then no one has, and if you aren't going to put your State quota over the top, you should at least in the future refrain from bragging about the fact that you have attended Gallaudet.

W. H. DAVIS—GALLAUDET '99

This short sketch is of our State Agent for the E. M. Gallaudet Fund Drive, "Willie." W. H. Davis, when

he was requested to take charge of the drive in Texas, promptly rolled up his sleeves, and before the time limit set by the Committee had expired, he had the quota not only pledged but paid and then some. W. H. Davis is one of Texas' greatest deaf men and one we are all proud of.

Born in Georgia, October 25, 1874, W. H. Davis later moved with his father and six brothers and sisters, all of whom except one were like himself deaf, though beset by hardships without number, which would cause a present day boy or girl to feel that the Lord had forsaken him. W. H. Davis continued his studies, graduating from the Texas School for the deaf in June, 1894; entered Gallaudet College, from which he graduated in 1899, returning to Texas, and has taught in the Texas School for the Deaf ever since his college days. Besides his duties in teaching, he has given his time without stint to the pupils, both boys and girls, and has been instrumental in the various social as well as educational features of the Texas School for the Deaf. He married Luella Stephens Ex-'03, of Weston, Ill., February 25, 1906, and has two fine daughters, Miss Grace Davis, his eldest daughter being at present in Gallaudet College, and Miss Ruth Davis is soon to follow her sister to Gallaudet.

While in Gallaudet College, Willie was not only a good student but also was a valuable member of the baseball and track teams. He was captain of the Gallaudet baseball teams in 1897 and 1898, also captain of the track team in 1899. W. H. Davis, was a southpaw, and considered one of the best baseball players Gallaudet College ever had.

For years after leaving College he helped coach the



Another picture of W. H. Davis, taken at Austin, after an unusually heavy snow-fall for Texas.

teams at Texas School for the Deaf, and for the past four or five years has been a member of the Advisory Board of the School Athletic Association, and under his able management as Treasurer, the Board's funds rose rapidly from nothing to something like \$500.00. And when the time came to raise the Gallaudet College quota in Texas, W. H. Davis, being the logical man to place in charge as State agent, the Committee in Washington promptly choose him. Always desiring to do his duty, he accepted and has been successful in more ways than one.

After the Drive was over, Mr. Drake of Gallaudet College urged W. H. Davis to write and tell him how he had put the fund over the top, but W. H. Davis, being a retiring sort of a person when it comes to talking about himself, declined to say anything about his part in the drive, and has been praising his assistants, far beyond their due. In justice to W. H. Davis, let me say that this article is being written without his knowledge, and entirely against his wishes, but being, as we have said before, anxious to give praise to those deserving it, I am doing what I can in my limited way to show that TEXAS and Texas' deaf folks are mighty proud of Willie Davis and we wish there was a W. H. Davis in every one of

the 16 states that have failed to do anything worth while towards the filling of their states quotas. Were there one W. H. Davis in each state, the Fund would at present be well over the top and we would all be proud of ourselves.

* * *

While in Denver last summer, I had intended to request that the candidates for the 1931 Convention of the N. F. S. D. withdraw from the field and allow Dallas to have the Convention. We in Texas have raised our quota; Massachusetts hasn't; Illinois hasn't; neither has Pennsylvania nor any of the states having a candidate for the next Convention of the N. F. S. D. A Convention of the N. F. S. D. will cost something like \$4000.00 to entertain. None of the states have such a large quota to give to the Gallaudet Fund. Why couldn't Boston and others have given their energy towards raising their state quota for the fund, and let some one who has a clean skirt have the next Convention of the N. F. S. D. But since Boston is the next Convention place of the N. F. S. D. let us hope that not only Massachusetts but every State in the Union has passed by far their quotas, long before the meeting in Boston in 1931.

The Deaf in Czechoslovakia

By V. B. Hauner

PRAGUE, the beautiful metropolis of the Czechoslovak Republic, is the seat of several associations and societies of the deaf-mutes. The oldest of all is the Mutual Society ("S. F. S.") founded 1868 by the deaf Vaclav Wilczek (1826-1897). The next was the Touristic-Club of Deaf-Mutes ("Prague"), founded in the year 1913. Both Associations were equally Czech and Germans. Then in 1918 the monarchy, Austria-Hungary, was destroyed and the Czechoslovaks received their independence after a suppression of 300 years. The German deaf separated from the Czech deaf-mutes and founded their own societies and clubs. These are: "Free Association of the Deaf-Mutes," the "Society of the Deaf and Hard-of-Hearing Jews," the "Federation of the Societies German of the Deaf in Czechoslovakia," which has its branches in the whole Republic, especially in the towns of Brno, Moravska Ostrava, Litomerice, Karlovy Vary (Carlsbad), Cheb, Liberec, etc. The younger Czech societies are the "Theatrical Club," the "Sporting Clubs," both in Prague. The newest of all is the "Efeta" (Ephphatha), founded in 1925 in Prague for persons who become deaf in their adult age in the war and for the hard-of-hearing only. Other societies for deaf-mutes are in Plzen (Pilsen), Ces. Budejovice, Hradec Králové, Brno, Moravska Ostrava, Valasske Mezirici, etc., with Czech language only. Plzen and Brno have their own homes, while several others have none.

All societies of deaf in Czechoslovakia are amalgamated in the Czechoslovak Federation of the Societies of the Deaf. Its secretary's offices are in Prague. The president is Mr. Bazil. On the occasion of its founding in 1921 the First Congress (Convention) of Czecho-Slovak Deaf-Mutes took place in Prague and was attended by more than 500-600 deaf people.

The Federation was represented in International Congress of the Deaf at Liege (Belgium) in 1924, and our delegates suggested there that the next **International Congress should be in Prague in 1928**. This invitation was accepted by other representatives, and the Congress will take place in Prague in 1928 on the occasion of the 60th Anniversary of the foundation of the Mutual Society of Prague mentioned above. The president of the Society "S. F. S." is Mr. J. Cap.

There are several newspapers for the deaf in Czechoslovakia. The first two were founded in 1918. They are both in the Czech language: **Noviny pro hluchoneme**, in Moravia, edited and directed by the teachers of the deaf; **Obzor Hluchonemych**, in Prague, edited and directed by the Association for the Care of the Deaf in Czechoslovakia. The third Czech newspaper for the deaf is the new journal, the **Suepomoc Neslysicich**, founded in 1926. It is entirely written and edited by the deaf. The editor-in-chief, a deaf man, is Mr. B. Bazil. So is the foreign editor, Mr. Vilem B. Hauner.

The German deaf-mutes have their own newspapers: **Die Taubstummen Press**, the organ of the "German Federation of the Deaf in Czechoslovakia," and another edited by the principal of the boarding school for the deaf in Litomerice, Leitmeritz.

There is a professional newspaper for the Czech teachers of the deaf, **Revue pro vychovu hluchonemych**. Some of our boarding schools have their own small newspapers for deaf children. Those who become deaf as adults and the hard-of-hearing have a journal **Efeta** (Ephphatha) founded in 1926.

The writer is well-known in Paris, London, Bruxelles, Madrid, Zagreb, and Vienna, and has met the leading personages of the deaf-world in Europe, and is well known to Mr. H. Gaillard, Paris; Mr. E. Prestini, of Milano; Messrs. Ramon and Valentin de Zubiaurre, Madrid; Mr. Robert Dresse and his son, Antoine, Liege; Mr. V. Jones, London; Mr. V. Ch. Hansen, Kjobenhavn (Copenhagen); and Mr. Kelly Stevens, representing the National Association of the Deaf in U. S. A. and The Silent Worker.

Representing the Czechoslovak deaf, the writer cordially invites the editors of the American and English (British) journals for the deaf, and the representatives of the societies of the deaf to participate in our International Congress of the Deaf in Prague in 1928.

The Congress was chosen at the most suitable time, 4th-9th July inclusive, from Wednesday until Monday. July 5th and 6th are national fete days, and our visitors will find Prague at her best.

Criticism

By Thomas O. Gray



UITE a few years ago thoughts of having some plan for caring for the old people among the deaf, of this state, were picked from a barrel full of personal observations. This barrel contained the whole supply of ideas, dreams and desires thrown there from years of castle building. These thoughts were taken out in place of others because their process of evolution was the simplest. Whoever can be credited with the idea deserves a Congressional medal; but it is very particularly foolish to hang this medal on one individual. It is very certain this idea came and sprang to life from a tiny atom. Criticism of certain groups of deaf people developed it into originality.

Constructive criticism gave way to enthusiastic action which in turn pressed the button, sending the machinery in motion. Harmony stood at attention, opening and closing the vault, at the appointed time to allow the fund to enter in various sums, but not allow it to be taken out except for an airing to become bonds. The germ of this fund took root in most every conceivable organization catering to the deaf. The outgrowth of all these characters was the realization a Home was a possibility. The fund proceeded, slowly but surely, to get in step with the evolution of human life from the cradle up. It's nursing by the protein of dollars and sense built up it's bone and muscle the same as does cow's milk to bawl babies.

Clothed with the nifty appearing clothes of Incorporation papers which tended to distinguish it from the personnel of every day life, its preference by the society of deaf organizations was easily seen. Clean cut and carrying the badge of Honesty a road was hewn through the untrodden forest permitting its passage on to the bright sunshine of realization.

This fund on reaching maturity was not gifted with an anticritical atmosphere. Those clothes worn throughout its development and growth became too small for its bilge, and means which its guardian, the Board, had to recloth it in realty style did not materialize. In stepped the law of hesitation but the patience of the donors proved more important. Their burning sentiment fanned back caustic comment with the result the Board fell down when they should have not. Here is where the wowers of the Hearing world came along, stepped in, acted the part of the Good Samaritan. By this I mean the Board was unable to agree on a location. They feared the removal of the fund's tonsils would weaken it so much it may take years for it to recuperate. Their weakness, under fire, bore the knowledge to their benefactor their laxity in executive ability. His offer to steer them through the narrows was accepted. He became chairman and, in conjunction with the Board, combed the realty stores for a suitable location. An aristocratic mansion at 4539 South Parkway struck their fancy. The owner was easily converted to the scheme and let go his abode of many years standing after being assured it would always be kept in order. Not desiring to accept any profit on the sale to the charitable association he turned over to the Board his title to the property for the paltry sum of \$13,000.

The Board has repeatedly stated this was a great sacrifice on his part, claiming the value of the buildings and grounds were worth double the sum. This location, I believe, was agreed upon for the reason it was very convenient for access by all members of the Board. This is more evident than the comfort it gives the aged domiciled there.

The stately mansion with its numerous rooms has made a hit with visitors from afar. The wisdom of the Board's choice, especially, when the health, comfort and happiness of those under its roof is concerned, is questioned. No yard large enough to allow lawn games, gardening, or the raising of flowers are available where the aged may seek diversion. Instead, if they attempt to seek recreation outside the environs of this building they practically take their life in their hands. In front thousands of buzz cars are constantly menacing them as they cross the street. Their only amusement is from the conceited cinematograph, a gift in free passes, from the barons of the screen industry.

Personally, I believe, as do a great many others, a suburban location with two or more acres of land a much better investment. It would make an ideal home for such people, with the value of its grounds and buildings constantly on the upward climb. Why they proceed to nail the pennant of propertyship to this place which is surrounded by the rush and tumble of business life is not clear except as so stated—a sacrifice. But whatever they gained by the transaction has been lost because of the onrushing tide of dark Americans which threatens to gulf the Home. These ebones are now securing all available space surrounding it, deteriorating its value far below estimates.

In a suburban location the Aged have the privilege of enjoying nine months of outdoor life out of a year's time, and without the slightest fear of encroachment by commercial vehicles at any time. Besides they may enjoy a game of croquet, cultivate flowers, gardening, or engage in truck farming for themselves, making a little pin money. This environment would keep their mind and body actively engaged, allowing them much better health and happiness. The medical journals have repeatedly stated, "Whenever one ceases an active life he deteriorates rapidly in both mind and body."

Those who come from other states and have visited the Home did not hesitate to lavish praise upon the management. That is only natural from thoughtlessness on their part. These organizations, churches, social clubs, etc., which were responsible for the rooms being furnished with appropriate fixtures were never given any laudable mention despite their pledge to maintain these rooms. Neither were these bodies offered direct representation on the governing body. A home of this kind should always be represented by a member elected from each of these organizations. In this way direct attention may be given to propose legislation which in the representative's opinion was detrimental to the welfare of the aged and through his co-operation prevent its passage. In this dynamic action the various bodies may ameliorate into a federated group from which a source of mutual interest may emerge conciliatory towards the upkeep of the Home. This kind of government cannot fail to satisfy the whole.

The present method of electing members of the board is unsatisfactory because it works to build up a negative interest and with the secrecy attending these meetings the deaf who contributed money are unable to learn how their donation was used. Besides no report is given out which contains a reliable statement of expenditures for a current period. This is bad policy and should be discontinued if interest of all the organizations are to be kept up. Why the process of publication of the amounts collected was discontinued is not known, but a monthly statement conspicuously posted in all these places will serve to exemplify the progress made in caring for the aged.

The Illinois Association of the Deaf, supposed to be the real dictator of "This and That" of the Home, claims the building as its property. This organization composes less than one-third of the total deaf population of the state and its claim to ownership is inappropriate and fishy. It may have been a godfather to the idea but without the assistance of the other societies it could not raise the necessary amount. It is better to avoid being selfish and call the Home the property of the deaf of Illinois; in this way organizations may be born, live their lives, then pass away without effecting the status of the Home. It would always remain the property of the deaf without referring to any particular organization. Each deaf man, woman, or child has contributed as much to the fund as was necessary under hardships which they cheerfully overlooked; to deprive these of any voice in the distribution of their own money beyond the treasury is unsportsmanship and rusticity.

The plan of direct representation, i. e., the societies of the deaf having men on the governing body could be in a position to receive any suggestion of changes in the laws and all its members would have an opportunity to criticize the criterion, building up under this baptism of deliberative ideas, a faultless set of rules which will need no nullification. These rules of operation undoubtedly would serve to economize expenditures to a minimum with returns in comfort, health and happiness to the aged, to a maximum. Why those elected to membership on the Board invite members from outside their own sect is incomprehensible to me. If the world of the hearing is so anxious to manage a home of the kind the deaf have established let them raise the money to build one of their own. If the deaf can successfully raise enough money to buy a home for their aged they should show enough gumption or executive ability to be entirely independent in its management. All homes for the aged deaf were established on a philanthropic basis and therefore are free of taxation. In many instances supplies for their needs may be obtained at cost because firms do not desire to accept profit on sales to charitable institutions. The abuse of homes for the aged by holding various gatherings under a mantle of charity, i. e., to raise money for its support will, in the long run, prove a costly business. The wear and tear on furnishings, furniture, etc., outweighs the amount taken in at the door. Numerous halls can be had for a night's bunco or card party where, under the deferred plan, more money could be obtained, less rental, than in a night's party at the home—rent free, besides saving on current juice, the depreciation on rugs and chairs could not happen. The practice of using the Home to felicitate members of the Board is contrary to its fundamental principle and is universally condemned.

I note those hustling Hoosiers have raised quite a sum of money for a Home to domicile their aged and, instead of the magician pulling out a rabbit, he drew 347 acres of land. Great! This, providing of course the ligation is won, makes their nugget the largest and most valuable of all. Yet I was chagrined to read they were also absent-

minded enough to pick out a pilot from outside, possibly to keep in step with their Illinois neighbor. Because men from outside our world take an interest in our enterprises is no reason they should be appointed to membership on the Board. A state which has enough salt among its deaf to establish and maintain a Home for its aged surely would find a genius of intramural birth whose executive ability would prove a boon to our race. I, as well as others of independent minds, rather see no homes for the aged established than to let outsiders in to tell us where to jump off. Letting us provide the money for our work but giving the managerial chair to outsiders reflects to the discredit of the deaf and is sour milk to the business world. Many deaf men have shown exceptional talent in executive work with larger organizations built up from money raised by the deaf without calling for a Tom, a Dick, or a Harry to come over and take charge. Advice to these executives from outsiders is about as welcome as boiled shirt peddlers. This is proof enough these men have confidence and are independent in thought and action.

Resolutions in Memoriam of John D. Ulrich, Died October 23, 1927

WHEREAS, The all-wise Father has seen fit to remove from our midst, our beloved and honored brother, John D. Ulrich, whom we have known and honored as a fraternal brother for the past ten years and taken his spirit to a better world. Be it

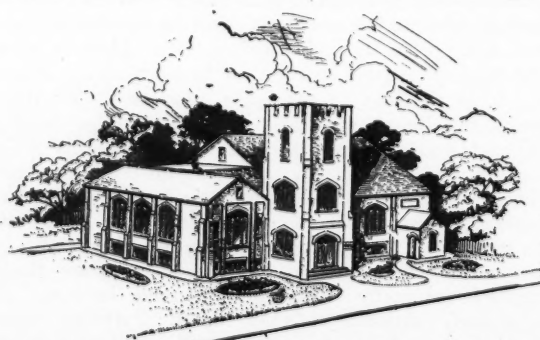
Resolved, That we, his fraternal brothers of Detroit Division No 2, National Fraternal Society for the Deaf, in meeting assembled, to express our sincere sorrow for the loss of his companionship, and be it further

Resolved, That we express our deep sympathy for his widow and his relatives for their great loss of husband and brother. Be it also

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be mailed to his widow and relatives, and also to the SILENT WORKER, and a copy be spread on the Minutes of this division.

S. A. GOTH,
Division Secretary.

Scientists are the most gossipy of all gossipy. They want to know what was going on a million years ago.



First Church of the Deaf in Ontario. Corner Stone Laid by Lieut.-Governor, on Thanksgiving Day, 1926. Dreams and Desires of Two Generations Realized. Located in Toronto, at 56 Wellesley Street.

Mayor of Portland Endorses Tuberculosis Cure

THE following is a statement made by Geo. L. Baker, Mayor of Portland, Oregon, regarding a tuberculosis remedy discovered by Dr. George Kirkpatrick of that city.

TO THE COUNCIL:

Gentlemen:

Submitted herewith are final reports relative to the tuberculosis test conducted by the Bureau of Health, City of Portland, in accordance with instructions from the Council of the City of Portland and in conjunction with other agencies and individuals interested. The test was conducted to determine the efficacy of a tuberculosis remedy discovered by Dr. George Kirkpatrick, 1179 Sandy Boulevard, Portland, Oregon. There were four reports received in the following order: A report by Drs. Mack, Millar and Chase of the Bureau of Health of the City of Portland outlining the method of selecting the tubercular cattle used in the test and giving the condition, weights, Federal and State tuberculosis condemnation tag numbers and other data regarding the cattle used; a report by Dr. C. L. Bartlett, Bacteriologist of the Methodist Hospital of Southern California, Los Angeles, with analysis of the findings by Dr. S. G. Sonneland of the California Clinic, Los Angeles; and a joint report of Prof. T. D. Beckwith of the Department of Bacteriology, University of California, and Dr. Jacob Traum, department of Veterinary Science, University of California.

The test in question took official form last January when Prof. Emil F. Pernot, former bacteriologist for the City of Portland and for the State of Oregon, made formal announcement that he was satisfied after 10 years of experimentation that Dr. Kirkpatrick has discovered a body building fluid that would cure tuberculosis and kindred bacterial diseases. His announcement carried tremendous weight by reason of his standing in the scientific world. Furthermore, his statement was supported by many of our influential citizens, including several city officials and a number of reputable persons, who claimed to have been cured of tuberculosis and kindred afflictions by Dr. Kirkpatrick.

Believing that such statements warranted a painstaking investigation the City Council instructed the Bureau of Health to make an official test. Drs. Mack, Millar and Chase were instructed to conduct this test. Cooperation of State and Federal officials was received in the selection of 10 cows from two herds recently condemned for tuberculosis by the State and Government and ordered slaughtered. These 10 were the worst appearing of a herd of 20 tubercular cows awaiting destruction as a measure of public health safety.

Their condition is shown in the accompanying report of Dr. Mack. The treatment was given the cows by Dr. Kirkpatrick at a ranch where the animals were kept under constant surveillance of a watchman. Prior to the commencement of treatment two of the cows died and a third later following calf birth, the cause of her death being diagnosed as septic metritis. A fourth cow was not placed on treatment until May 1 and a fifth cow was not treated because her condition was such that she could not eat. In consequence five cows only went through the 130 days of treatment and were subjected to the post mortem tests.

On August 8 and 9 in the presence of scientists, doctors, veterinarians, State and Federal officials and scientific observers from various parts of the county, the five cows

that had had the full 130 days treatment were slaughtered and their viscera examined by Dr. Jacob Traum and Prof. T. D. Beckwith, of the University of California, assisted by Dr. A. J. Dinse, of the United States Bureau of Animal Industry. The two former scientists were invited to make this examination because of their known ability in the scientific world, it being our understanding that there are no better qualified bacteriologists and veterinarians to be found. It is needless to say that their examination was conducted with painstaking thoroughness. Also specimens of tissues were taken by Dr. Sonneland for examination in the laboratories of the University of Southern California by Dr. C. L. Bartlett.

In considering in detail the reports as received from the four sources and in discussing the various points with men qualified to judge, it may be said that the reports were in substantial agreement as to the condition of the five animals at the time of the post mortem. In two of the cows no trace of tuberculosis could be found. In three, tuberculosis was found in some tissues. An unusually interesting fact was the discovering of tubercles with the bacilli eradicated.

Dr. Dinse's report shows the macroscopical condition of the cattle. It was his duty to determine whether the suspects were, at the time they were slaughtered, sufficiently free of tuberculosis to be passed as meat fit for human consumption, or whether they should be tanked. Dr. Bartlett's report deals with the condition of the guinea pigs, which were inoculated with material prepared from suspected areas in two of the cows, and the joint report of Dr. Traum and Professor Beckwith deals with microscopic condition of the tissues in all five animals, as well as with the condition of the guinea pigs inoculated with tissue materials from each of the suspects.

As to cow tagged 13421, Dr. Dinse detected caseo-calcareous conditions in the bronchial and mediastinal areas, but so slight were these indications that this cow was passed as fit for human food. That tubercle bacilli still lurked within the suspected glands, however, was established as a result of guinea pig inoculation, by Dr. Traum and Professor Beckwith.

Cow 13422 was given a clean bill of health in all three reports. By no method known to science could signs of tuberculosis be discovered in this animal.

Cow 305 was found to contain enough bacilli in her left bronchial glands to affect guinea pigs, yet the affection was slight and she was promptly passed as fit for human food.

Cow 13423 revealed several suspicious areas, but Dr. Dinse passed her for meat. The examinations made by Dr. Traum and Professor Beckwith resulted in 23 positive signs and 11 negative signs. Dr. Bartlett's report shows that he inoculated seven guinea pigs with macerated materials from seven suspected areas in this cow, and only two of the seven pigs developed signs of tuberculosis.

Cow 306 was given a clean bill of health in all three reports.

The effect of the treatment upon these condemned cattle is further indicated by the weight at the beginning of the treatment, March 25, and at the conclusion of the treatment, August 2, 1927, as shown in the report of Dr. Mack.

Cow 13421 weighed before treatment 1130 lbs.

After treatment 1340 lbs.

Cow 13422 weighed before treatment 1020 lbs.

After treatment 1170 lbs.

Cow 305 weighed before treatment 1120 lbs.
After treatment 1300 lbs.
Cow 13423 weighed before treatment 1030 lbs.
After treatment 920 lbs.
Cow 306 weighed before treatment 1110 lbs.
After treatment 1280 lbs.

As will be seen, one cow (13423) lost weight. This cow gave birth to a calf during the course of the treatment, and, in addition to her own calf, she suckled an adopted calf, which was born to the cow that died of septic metritis.

Summarizing the findings, it appears: (1) That from cows 13422 and 306 all indications of tuberculosis were eradicated during the 130 days treatment; (2) that in three cows the disease had not been completely eradicated, but the fact that these three were passed as fit for human consumption and all gained weight quite conclusively shows that all three were well on the road to recovery. For as stated by Dr. S. G. Sonneland in his report, "If human patients responded to treatment exactly as did these cows, any doctor could properly say that two of his patients had completely recovered and the others were on the road to recovery."

It should be born in mind these animals were given but 130 days treatment. It may be that treatment should have covered a longer period of time. I feel that the facts as determined by this test warrant more sweeping and painstaking tests by those interested in this subject, which should mean each and every one of us, because we

are all, or should be, interested in a remedy that will assist us in stamping out the most dreaded and the heretofore least curable of human diseases.

In my opinion, it was a public calamity that Professor Pernot should have passed away before the test was completed, as he could be of invaluable service to humanity in furthering the work thus far accomplished. His statements have been borne out by scientific demonstration, beyond all question of doubt. I believe that Dr. Kirkpatrick should receive assistance in every way within our power to further develop this remedy and that the scientific world and the medical fraternity should take immediate steps to apply the treatment through the medium of painstaking tests to the human family. Such a course would be justified not alone by reason of the outcome of Portland's test on cattle, but by reason of the results obtained in applying the treatment to many of our Portland people during the years that Dr. Kirkpatrick and Prof. Pernot have had the remedy and various patients under observation. Important records of many of these cases are on record with reliable physicians at this time.

Personally I am very glad that the City of Portland caused this test to be made, because in view of the findings I consider it to have been one of the most important experiments ever conducted by an American municipality.

Respectfully submitted,

GEO. L. BAKER.

Mayor.

More Publicity About the Deaf

AT THE weekly luncheon of the Lexington Rotary Club last Thursday Mr. W. M. Shuford, formerly our steward and now superintendent of the Junior Orphans' Home at Lexington, gave an impressive talk on the work being done at our school. That is Mr. Shuford's way. A true friend of the deaf who thoroughly understands them, he would not be content until he could make his fellowmen know more about the deaf. If there only were many others who would do like Mr. Shuford, how much better off in life the deaf would be. We deeply appreciate Mr. Shuford's thought of us. We cite below excerpts from a press report on the speech.

One of the romances of the day is the work done at Morganton, said Mr. Shuford, and it is a work that is little known to the people of North Carolina because it has not been given much publicity. The school stands out as one of the foremost in America though, he said. It does not take the children as wards of charity but accepts the child of the rich and poor alike because it is better able to teach them in groups than in the public schools. The science of teaching the deaf is one of the wonders of the age, said the speaker.

By reason of the fact that deaf people are not mute, nor are they dumb, the word "dumb" has been dropped from the name of the school. Indeed, it is cruel to speak of a deaf person as a "dummy," said Mr. Shuford, and the deaf resent it.

Mr. Shuford was for a number of years connected with the State School for the Deaf in an official capacity and was serving there when elected to the position of superintendent of the orphans' home.

The talk created a great deal of interest among the club members and a number of questions were asked and answered.

Mr. Shuford's talk at the Rotary Club called forth an appreciative editorial in the *Lexington Dispatch*, which we take the privilege of printing below:

UNSTOPPING THE DEAF

W. M. Shuford's talk before the Rotary Club, Tuesday, gave proof that the people of North Carolina do not quite understand how fine a work the State is doing in unstopping the ears of the deaf in its school at Morganton. This group of men did

not know, and frankly said so, and they are perhaps better informed than the average citizen.

The statement that the deaf are not among the beggars but are engaged in useful callings and on the whole are especially high-minded citizens seems to bear the test of careful examination. While the state, through its expert teachers, is not able to bring back the lost sense of sound it is able to substitute therefore an understanding that is keen and appreciative. The new method of instruction used that permits the trained deaf students to read the lips of others and secure full knowledge of the meaning of words spoken is a revelation. Indeed, the banishment of what has popularly been known as "dumbness" is a fine accomplishment. The state in its ability to restore unto these whom misfortune not of their making robbed of the joy of sound facilities both useful and satisfying has contributed to the advancement of mankind in a substantial way.—*The Deaf Carolinian*.

Statistics

THE DEAF has under consideration the establishment of a statistical department. If it is established it will deal exclusively with auto and labor statistics. It is a known fact that many autoists upon being stopped by traffic cops for some infringement of the auto laws, plead deafness as an excuse and get away with it. An accurate list of deaf auto drivers and authentic statistics as to accidents, etc., will serve to curb imposter practice and have data on hand for any emergency that may arise.

Labor statistics are also very important and necessary. In order that the School for the Deaf at Berkeley may continue to function it may be necessary to prove that it has equipped any number of students for the battle of life by teaching them trades. The editor would like to hear from some one sufficiently interested to take charge of such a work. The California Association of the Deaf may be induced to render financial aid. It surely is an undertaking deserving of support.

It is a work that will stretch over a long period of time and will require much patience and tact. Surely there is some one well fitted for the task.—*The Deaf (California)*.

Of Interest to the Housewife

(By Betty Barclay)

CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE

- 1 3/4 cups sifted prepared cake flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup butter, or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup chopped almonds
- 3/4 cup grated cocoanut
- 1/2 cup citron, cut fine
- 1/2 cup Sultana raisins
- 1/2 teaspoon almond extract
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 5 egg whites, beaten stiff

Sift cake flour once, measure, add baking powder, and salt, and sift together three times. Sift 3/4 cup of this flour mixture over nuts and fruits; mix thoroughly. Cream shortening until light and fluffy, add sugar gradually and cream together thoroughly. Add remaining flour mixture slowly to creamed mixture. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add nuts, fruit, and flavorings. Fold in egg whites. Pour in loaf pan which has been prepared with a paper lining in the bottom. Bake in slow oven (250 degrees F) 1 1/2 hours. Make 1 3/4 pounds. For larger cake, double recipe and bake in tube pan two hours.

HOLIDAY SALADS

Apple and Orange Salad

Peel and slice oranges, rejecting all white membrane. Cut wedgeshaped slices from red apples, without paring. Arrange on lettuce-covered salad plates, using alternate slices of orange and apple.

Grapefruit Salad

Peel oranges and grapefruit and divide into segments, rejecting all white skin. Arrange a circle of orange segments on a lettuce-covered salad plate and fill center with grapefruit segments.

Mock Lobster Salad

- 2 cups cooked haddock, or other dry fish
- 2 cups diced celery
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons minced pimento

Mix cold, flaked haddock with remaining ingredients and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

CREAMED MUSHROOMS

Wash 1/2 pound mushrooms. Remove stems, scrape and cut in pieces. Melt 3 tablespoons of butter, add mushrooms, cook 2 minutes in covered dish; sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, and add 3/4 cup cream. Cook slowly five minutes. Add a slight grating of nutmeg, pour over strips of buttered toast and garnish with toast points and parsley.

JUNKET WITH CRANBERRY JELLY

Make a good, firm cranberry jelly, fill dessert glasses half full. When the jelly is firm fill the glasses with a plain junket; when junket is set, put away to cool. This may be served plain or with whipped cream heaped over it, and a little piece of cranberry jelly on top to add a touch of color.

ORANGE JUNKET WITH MACAROONS

- 1 pkg. orange junket
- 1 pint milk
- Maraschino cherries
- Macaroons
- Nuts

Place two whole, or crumbled, macaroons in each dessert glass and sprinkle over them a few English walnuts or pecans, cut into pieces. Dissolve the junket powder in the slightly warmed milk and pour over the nuts. Let set in warm room until firm. Chill. Top with the cherries.

BOSTON CREAM PIE WITH ORANGE FILLING

- 3/4 cup butter
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 2 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 3/4 teaspoon salt

Cream butter and sugar; add eggs and beat until light and fluffy. Add milk and fold in flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Bake in deep cake pan in a moderate oven (375 degrees) 35 minutes. When ready to serve cut in halves crosswise and fill with a filling made as follows:

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1/4 teaspoon grated orange rind
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- Yolks of 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon butter

Mix sugar, flour and grated rind. Add orange and lemon juice and beaten egg yolks. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until thick. Add butter, stirring until it is melted, and cool.

CRANBERRY MOLD

- 1 pkg. lemon-flavored gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- Juice of 1/2 lemon
- 1/2 cup celery, finely cut
- 1/2 cup pineapple, shredded
- 1 cup thick cranberry sauce, sweetened

Dissolve the lemon-flavored gelatin in boiling water. As it begins to thicken, add lemon juice, celery, pineapple and cranberry sauce. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing. This amount serves six.

MEAT A LA MARINE

Use freshly cooked or left-over veal, lamb or chicken. Mix with an equal amount of medium cream sauce (1 c. milk, 2 tbsps. butter, 2 tbsps. flour). On a deep platter make a border of mashed potato or boiled rice. Garnish the rice or potato border with butter, paprika and parsley, and pour the creamed meat inside.

NEW YEAR'S WHIP

- Whites of 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- Sprinkling salt
- 1/2 cup orange juice

Beat whites of eggs until frothy, add sugar and salt and continue beating until stiff. Fold in orange juice. Serve with custard sauce made as follows:

THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled By Emily Sterck

O. W. Underhill, now a member of the Morgantown (N. C.) school faculty, was ordained as a deacon in the Flagler Presbyterian Church at St. Augustine, where he lived a number of years and taught in the school for the deaf.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

Benton Knight had two paintings at the annual exhibit under the auspices of the Buffalo Independent Artists last winter. An art critic from Paris visited this exhibit and wrote a review in an art journal in Paris, mentioning Mr. Knight by name as an artist of promise. Mr. Knight was sent a copy of the journal and also a congratulatory letter from the editor.—*Rochester Advocate*.

Dr. Walter B. Peet, son of Dr. Isaac L. Peet and grandson of Dr. Harvey P. Peet, both of whom were principals of the Fanwood School many years ago, died suddenly on June 22 in New Jersey where he was for a vacation. He was the first crew coach at Columbia University and was a writer on sports. He was said to be a great friend of the deaf and was at home in the use of their sign language. Dr. Peet was a brother of Miss Elizabeth Peet, Professor of English at Gallaudet College.—*North Dakota Banner*.

St. Ann's Church, New York City, patronized by deaf persons, recently celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary. It was founded in 1852 by Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, oldest son of Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the founder of education for the deaf in America. The church is a splendid structure built to take the place of the small, unpretentious one built in the early days. Today there are about twenty-five ordained deaf clergymen in this country.—*North Dakota Banner*.

The Chicken business seems to be a congenial occupation for deaf persons, and we believe that many are engaged in it, mostly as a side line or as a diversion. It remained for a Shenandoah, Iowa, deaf man, or rather a Minnesota man with an Iowa wife, to keep his poultry ranch expanding until he has over a thousand white Leghorns that pay well, and he proposes to keep on expanding. The rooster's cock-a-doodle-does don't bother a deaf man in the wee hours of the morning.—*North Dakota Banner*.

Many in the profession will be sorry to hear of the death of S. Tefft Walker which occurred at San Diego on July 8th last. He was once a prominent educator of the deaf. He had the distinction of having served as superintendent of four state schools for the deaf—Illinois, Kansas, Missouri and Louisiana. He was noted for clear and graceful sign-making and his demand as interpreter to the deaf was great. He had a pleasing personality that made him well liked everywhere. He was a staunch friend of the deaf and during his years of retirement his interest in the deaf did not cease. He continued to interpret for the deaf in church or at conventions. His remains were taken to Olathe, Kansas, for burial.—*Deaf Carolinian*.

We deaf have much to be thankful for. We are spared the unpleasantness of harsh and discordant sounds, the noise and turmoil of modern life is foreign to our ears. The world of silence has its charms which none but the deaf know and can appreciate. We should be grateful that we see more, and understand more through the eye than is possible for a hearing person. We should be especially grateful for the sign language, and for all the blessings its use has brought to us. We should be grateful that a kind Providence has raised up for us from time to time such great and good men as Abbe de l'Epee, Gallaudet and many others, through whose benevolence, zeal, and self-sacrifices have been brought to us the blessings of education and religion. May I suggest a practical way by which we can show and express our thankfulness and gratitude for the blessings of the Gospel which we enjoy?

Read I Peter 4:10: "As every one has received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God." Subscribe for the Evangelical Messenger to be sent to a friend. Send in a contribution with list of names of friends to whom we may send sample copies.—*Evangelical Messenger*.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 5.—It took Ruby Miller, twenty-year-old blind and deaf girl of this city, three years to learn the meaning of three words, but today she can read, write, speak, and is able to play the piano and to recognize the piece of music which someone else is playing by the vibrations of the floor.

This remarkable girl, whose accomplishments promise to rival those of Helen Keller, is a student at the Cedar

Springs School for the Deaf and Blind, and is learning the same subjects which normal high school students take, including Latin and algebra. She has not been able to see or hear since she was three years old, when an attack of meningitis destroyed the optic and auditory nerves.

Miss Miller is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Miller, and from the time of her illness until she was placed in school at the age of six years, everything possible was done in the hope of bringing back her sight and hearing.

The Cedar Springs school, at which she is a student, is under the supervision of Professor Laurens Walker, whose grandfather, the Rev. N. P. Walker, founded the institution because of his sympathy for those afflicted with loss of hearing or sight. The school represents three generations of achievement, Professor Walker having succeeded his father, who had taken up the enterprise upon the death of the founder.

For three years no special effort that might result in the piercing of the living tomb was exercised. The little girl was kept as comfortable as one in her condition could be, but it was hardly thought possible to communicate with the supposedly inaccessible brain. Not a sound had ever been heard to escape her lips; her world was one of silence.

Ruby's first teacher, Miss Ayers, consumed a whole year in teaching her pupil only three words. Helen Keller, describes interestingly her own lessons when the word water was spelled over and over on her fingers.—*Newspaper Clipping*.

DENNISON GALLAUDET DEAD

Denison Gallaudet of Jackson Heights, L. I., died October 24 of diabetes in the Post-Graduate Hospital, New York, after a six days' illness. He was born fifty-seven years ago in Washington, D. C., a son of the late Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, President of Gallaudet College for the Deaf. He was a nephew of the late Rev. Thomas A. Gallaudet, vicar of St. Ann's Church for deaf-mutes, New York.—*Kentucky Standard*.

DEVICE ALLOWS DEAF TO HEAR RADIO MESSAGE

Pupils at the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf may become radio and telegraph operators, despite, their handicap.

The field has been open to them through the invention of a separate telegraph receiving instrument by engineers of the U. S. Bureau of Mines. By the use of this apparatus, the deaf operator

may "hear" through his finger tips or by placing the "earphones" over the temporal bone in front of each ear.

Instead of hearing, however, he feels the vibrations which he has learned to decipher from the dashes and dots of code.

The regular "sounder" on the telegraph instrument, which is also used in amateur radio reception is replaced in this case by a heavy armature vibrator mounted on a standard radio headband. Thus it appears that the deaf operator is actually "listening in."—*Illinois Advance*.

HARKNESS MEMORIAL AT YALE

When you visit the beautiful and wonderful Harkness Memorial building at Yale University, you will admire the marvellous construction and quadrangles with their numerous arched enteries and carved inscriptions overhead.

It would interest you to know that Charles W. Fetcher, a deaf man of New York City, was employed by the architect of the great construction on the working drawings. These were made to be a scale of one-sixteenth of an inch involved a tremendous amount of trigonometrical calculation. Mr. Fetcher did about two thirds of the figuring on these working drawings.

Another very interesting feature of this building is that Entry No. 10, is named after Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, Class of 1805.—*The New Era*.

OLDEST DEAF MAN

Mr. N. R. McGrew, of Gilman, is said to be the oldest deaf person in Iowa. The Hawkeye would like to know if there is any one in the state to beat his age. Mr. McGrew will be 87 next November.

Mr. McGrew has an interesting history of his 60 years residence in the Hawkeye State, though he was a pupil in the Ohio School. He is still active in spite of his advanced years. He recently cut down some dead trees at his home and sawed them into firewood.

Mr. McGrew has been for many years and is now a subscriber to *The Hawkeye*. He sends in an item to the effect that Mrs. Nellie Pierce Allabough, '93 I. S. D., is bedfast at the Deaconess hospital at Marshalltown and somewhat better.—*The Hawkeye*.

GEORGE FREDERICK STONE

The *New Era* of the Connecticut School in its October issue gives a long account of the life and services of George F. Stone, a former teacher of the school from 1883 till 1923, when he retired. His death occurred September 21, 1927, in his 81st year. He was a fine man, greatly attached to the deaf, even after retiring from his work, and greatly loved by them.

His father was Rev. Collins Stone, Superintendent of the Ohio State School for Deaf from October, 1852, to the fall of 1863.

George F. Stone was five years of age when his father and family came to the school to be its superintendent. There was also a brother, Edward, who was a teacher here for two years, 1862-64, and later Superintendent of the Wisconsin

School for the Deaf and of the Hartford School.

There are still a few Ohio pupils living who can recall George F. Stone as a playmate during their school days. Dr. Robert Patterson, of this city; Conrad Zorbaugh and Alice Harper Pratt, at the Home for Deaf; Nathan R. McGrew, of Gilman, Iowa; Ruth Hare Eldridge, of Olathe, Kansas; James M. Park, of Santa Barbara, California, and Sarah B. Williamson Scott, of Lebanon, Ohio.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

THE INDIANA HOME FOR THE AGED DEAF

A large part of the *Silent Hoosier* issue of October 28th is taken up by a picture and sketch of the life of Orson Archibald who deeded to the proposed Home a farm of one hundred and five acres at Brookston, Indiana.

The Indiana deaf started about 1907 to raise funds for a Home in a small way and in 1911 Mr. Archibald came forward and offered to contribute a farm on certain conditions. Since then each year brought in money to the object till 1916 when the fund reached \$11,436. The World War put a stop to activities of collecting funds but interest with the above amount in banks and annual collections had swelled to a total of \$38,139.93 October 8, 1927. On that date a meeting of the Board of Trustees was held and they decided to go ahead and erect the necessary buildings needed to open the Home as soon as certain legal matters are settled.

Mr. Archibald died suddenly May 27, 1927, just as he returned to his home at Lafayette from Indianapolis. He was the only survivor of his immediate family. He had made previously his will bequeathing all his property to the Home and if distant relatives do not claim a part of his parent's estate that also may go to the Home—about 242 acres and residence.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

BANK TELLER STEALS TO TRY CURE DEAF SON

It is no uncommon thing to hear about parents of deaf children spending large sums of money in an effort to regain their children's hearing. No reputable doctor will give parents false hopes, and these quack doctors who lead them on with plausible stories as long as there is any money in sight are all too common.

The *New York Herald-Tribune* of October 14 tells of a father of a deaf boy of Bridgeport, Conn., who was led on by unscrupulous doctors. The father, who was receiving teller of a bank, confessed to stealing \$2,000 of the company's funds, which he took in a vain attempt to cure his son.

He told all his savings went to pay physicians working on the boy and that when these failed and other promised relief he stole to pay their fees. Prominent residents have furnished a \$10,000 bond for his release.

Educators of the deaf know it is only too common for parents to fall victims, to all forms of quackery. Not so long ago, it was broadcasted over the world that Don Jamie, the son of the King of Spain, had regained his hearing through a course of "bloodless surgery" by an American doctor. Later it was found the poor boy was as deaf as ever.

The only safe rule is to get the decision of a reliable doctor and abide by it.—*The Catholic Deaf-Mute*.

DEAF DANCING STAR OF PRAGUE

There have been very few deaf dancers. Only three have acquired world fame: the American dancer, Miss Helen Henchman, the leading dancer at the Opera in Vienna; Wien, Mlle. Adeline, and Mr. David Marvel, of America. There now appears a fourth dancing star of the deaf world, a child dancer, Miss Modi Urbanova.

Thirteen years old, she was born in Prague of a middle-class family, and though deaf by birth, she showed from early childhood a remarkable talent for rhythmic and dancing. Later she took a course in rhythm and learned to dance the gavotte, the butterfly dance, the polka, in its elaborate form, etc. She first appeared on the stage at thirteen years of age, and has since won many records for exhibition dancing in Prague and other towns and resorts in Czechoslovakia. Her parents give her every opportunity to study dancing and music. She receives instruction in playing the piano, and is now one of the pupils of Mrs. Stephanie Kilmesova, ballet mistress of the National Theatre in Prague. Her dancing is very natural and free from all affectation.

DENIES DEAF ARE UNFIT TO DRIVE AUTOMOBILES

A protest against the implication that deaf persons are incapable of driving automobiles safely, as made last week by Chief City Magistrate William McAdoo, has been made by Marcus L. Kenner, Vice President of the National Association of the Deaf, in a letter to the Chief Magistrate.

In sentencing a young man who had substituted for a deaf and partly mute man in taking a test for a driver's license, Justice McAdoo stressed his belief that a deaf and dumb man unable to hear policemen's whistles and approaching cars, might kill people and "be a wild thing running at large."

Mr. Kenner contended that a person's inability to speak did not imply mental deficiency and asserted that good sight, not good hearing, was a prime requisite for safe driving.

"This writer, deaf for nearly thirty-five years, has been a privileged passenger in the cars of nearly 100 'deaf and dumb' drivers," Mr. Kenner wrote, "touring thousands of miles all over the country, including our city, and he can honestly aver that there are no more careful and conscientious men and women at the wheel than the deaf. The very fact that they cannot hear distracting noises tends to make them extra cautious."

The letter closed with an invitation to Magistrate McAdoo to allow a licensed deaf automobile driver to take him for a ride.—*N. Y. Times*.

BLIND DEAF EDITRESS CONDUCTS BRAILLE MAGAZINE

One of the busiest journalists in New York is blind and almost totally deaf. This is Miss Helen Dav, the editress of "Searchlight," a magazine for sightless

boys and girls which is printed in Braille type. When only six years old Miss Day had an attack of hip disease which made it impossible for her to go to school. Four years later another serious illness robbed her of her sight. To add to her afflictions a few years ago she lost her hearing. Yet she is one of the most cheerful persons imaginable and thoroughly enjoys her work.

Her career is an example of the triumph of will over human infirmity. When she lost her sight Miss Day learnt Braille, studied shorthand and music. She also taught herself typewriting. She became so proficient in the reading and Writing of Braille that she undertook proof reading for the Red Cross library for the blind.

For nearly eight years she has been editress of "Searchlight" and most of its contents are written or re-written by her on her Braille typewriter. The magazine is a very bulky production, each issue, containing only about 2,000 words, being an inch thick. It is sent free of charge to blind children all over the United States. "Sunshine in Braille" is the gifted editress's own description of the magazine. — *"Belfast Telegraph, March 26, 1927."*

DEAF FOOTBALL PLAYER CAPTAIN OF HEARING TEAM

The university of Pennsylvania has just elected a blind man to the faculty of that institution. He has been blind since he was twelve years old. He showed great ambition in his studies from the first.

It is therefore not remarkable that he earned a fellowship to the University of Sarbonne and that while there he made wonderful progress.

There have been numerous instances where blind men achieved success in life. A blind man has been elected judge of a lower court at Asheville. He was blinded in an accident after he became a grown man. Being no longer able to pursue his profession of engineering, he studied law. He is now regarded as one of the lights in his profession.

It is not often, however, that an afflicted youth goes in for athletics. In the little town of Norway in South Carolina, there lives a boy who has never heard a word spoken in his entire life, and yet this youth is captain of his high school football team and his team last year came very near winning the championship for the lower part of the State.

When he is on the playing field no one would dream that he is handicapped in any way. The boys form a ring when signals are called. Harth Able reads the lips of the player calling the signals.

He is very sensitive to vibrations, and can tell readily without looking behind him how near an attacking player is to him just by the "feel" of the ground beneath his feet.

And he is valuable to his team in more ways than one. He personally maps out the majority of the more intricate plays, explaining the various positions and moves on the blackboard.

Some of his original plays have become famous in South Carolina. The boy has gained in weight, but he has not cut down his speed in so doing. He expects his extra weight to be a valuable asset this season.

He is always for the whole team. There is never underhand playing for Harth. And he is a wonderful sport, too. Time and again he has picked up some player of the opposing team who was down, patting him on the shoulder with an encouraging word.

Deaf from birth, without a chance of knowing really how words sound, he has, through close application, learned the meaning of the written word. He reads and writes as well as other boys and girls in his class. And very few of them are any younger than he.—*Exchange.*

GRADUATES OF GALLAUDET COLLEGE DOING VERY WELL IN THE WORLD

In his address before the teachers' convention at Columbus, Ohio, Dr. Percival Hall, president of Gallaudet College, said in part about the doings of the graduates of the College as follows: "In 1921, out of 355 graduates of the college, 102 were occupied in teaching; 36 were home managers; 29 were farmers; 32 were printers and publishers; 8 were ministers; 9 were filling clerical positions; and 9 were supervisors in our schools. Out of 353 of the total number of graduates now on our rolls, with whom I have recently been able to come in touch, 111 are teachers; 66 home managers; 36 printers and publishers; 24 farmers; 31 in business; 20 in chemistry; 17 in the ministry or training for it, and 11 doing work as supervisors or in charge of athletics in our schools. It is easy to see, therefore, that the college is covering with its educational work at present a reasonable preparation for the very important work of leadership among the deaf in teaching, the ministry, and home making as well as in other avenues of life. It is also true that the proportion of graduates in these very lines along which we have been working for many years is greater than ever before. There is still a demand, I am glad to say, for the graduates of Gallaudet as teachers, supervisors, physical education directors, and librarians in our schools for the deaf. There is an increasing demand for ministers to the deaf, whose influence is felt throughout the United States. There is an increasing demand for competent home makers. In short there is a call for broadly trained leaders among our deaf people from the college ranks."—*The Deaf Carolinian.*

THE N. F. S. D. CONVENTION

The Tenth Convention of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf was held at Denver, Colorado, July 11—16. There were approximately 800 delegates and others.

The Convention decided to increase the insurance limit from \$3,000 to \$5,000; to reduce the expenses by holding the convention every four years instead of three; that ten members instead of seven be necessary to form a new division; to increase the numbers of Grand Vice-Presidents from three to four; that a man who is able to hear over the telephone is not eligible to membership in the Society.

The Roberts Reorganization Plan was adopted. The offices of President and Organizer were combined, also the offices

of Secretary and Treasurer. The President must be a resident of Chicago. He is to receive a salary of \$3,800 per annum, and the Secretary-Treasurer, \$3,600.

Boston was selected as the place where the 1931 Convention is to be held.

The Society is in a flourishing condition gaining in strength and stability as the years roll. Grand Treasurer Roberts said: "Twenty-five years ago when the society was organized, deaf persons were either denied Life Insurance by old line companies or charged prohibitive rates.

"Now virtually all the leading companies are eager to insure at regular rates, because they have proved such excellent risks. A quarter of a century ago, the treasurer of the society carried all the assets in his hip pocket. Now the assets are \$905,000.

"From a membership of a few hundred, the society has grown to more than 6,000, and the number of division has grown from three in 1903 to 108 today."—*Maryland Bulletin.*

PLANS FOR BUILDING AT SCHOOL FOR DEAF REVEAL GREAT BEAUTY

A structure of rare architectural splendor, beautiful and commodious, will be built on the campus of the school for the deaf to relieve the present congested conditions, according to plans adopted by the executive committee of the school for the deaf and blind, Senator S. C. Oliver, chairman.

The plans for the new building, to be erected with money appropriated by legislation enacted by the recent state legislature show one of the most elaborate buildings yet built in the city.

The building will face the East and will front on Cherry street. The site will be behind Johnson Hall. A more complete building could hardly have been arranged. The adopted plans will provide a building in which 120 children will be afforded an independent school. The building will consist of dormitories, with ample space to accommodate 120 pupils, 14 classrooms, two playrooms a large auditorium, matron's room, superintendent's office, teachers' quarters, a spacious diningroom and kitchen facilities.

North and south, the building will extend 136 feet, centered with a unique arch front entrance. Thirty-four front windows will open to the East. The building will be of brick, fireproof and modern in every respect.

Plans of the first floor provide for four classrooms in the front of the building, together with the superintendent's office and teachers' rooms; five classrooms and a playroom will compose the two wings. In the rear center the diningroom and kitchen will be built. The diningroom will accommodate 200 persons. The classrooms on the wings of the building will be 19 x 16 feet each. A library room, a baggage room and a supply room will separate the dining hall from the front rooms of the first floor, corridors will incircle the floor.

The right wing of the second floor of the building will be composed of dormitories for girls and the left wing will be devoted to dormitories for the boys. In the upper front supply rooms clothes rooms and lockers will be placed in the

center front while rooms on each end of the front will be used for hospital rooms.

The auditorium will be in the center rear of the second floor, built over the diningroom and kitchen. It will be 28 x 48 feet with a stage and dressing rooms at the west end. Two matrons' rooms adjoining the hospital rooms will complete the second story.

The announcement of the adoption of plans for the building for the school for the deaf follows closely the announcement of plans for the school for the blind.

Specifications are now being prepared for both of the buildings and actual work is expected to be started shortly after January 1, 1928.

The erection of the buildings will come as part of the expansion program made possible by the appropriation of \$150,000 to each school by the state legislature during the past session.

Conditions at the school for the deaf were said to have been in a very congested state during the year of 1926-27 with 227 pupils enrolled. The enrollment of this year, exceeding the number of last year by seven, is the largest registration in the history of the local state institution for the deaf.—*Talladega Home*.

SUPERINTENDENT McALONEY HONORED

It is always pleasing to those connected with the School to have some particular honor or recognition come to any of its pupils or graduates. There are many instances where our old pupils have been successful in their chosen fields and have been appropriately recognized and respected by the citizens of the communities in which they live, which gives us just reason for pride.

It is none the less gratifying to those connected with the School to see well-deserved honor come to any of its officers. The friends of our Superintendent will therefore rejoice with him in the recent honors which have been conferred upon him and which he so richly deserves.

The authorities at Gallaudet College, recognizing his long and valuable services in the educational field, conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. It is not strange that the authorities at Gallaudet should know of Superintendent McAloney's work and his contributions to the profession and recognize them with this signal honor.

Neither is it strange that the authorities at Colorado College, which is located 2,000 miles away from Gallaudet, should also see in Mr. McAloney a person worthy of honor; for since coming to Colorado in 1922 he has made his presence felt in the civic, social and educational life of the city. Recognizing in Mr. McAloney a person who has done and is doing things worth while in the educational, civic and social welfare fields, Colorado College conferred upon him last June the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

We congratulate Dr. McAloney on receiving these honors which he deserves.

Henceforth, brethren, let it be Dr. Thomas S. McAloney.

The attempt of Mrs. Mary Stefanin to substitute for her dead daughter an illiterate deaf-mute has been defeated

by the vigilance of the United States immigration service.

Accompanied by her five daughters, Mrs. Stefanin visited Poland some three years ago. While there the oldest daughter, aged 13, died of typhus. The mother determined to bring back another girl and perhaps adopt her.

She chose Victoriya Amelia Sawiska, a seventeen-year-old deaf-mute who had never received any education, and after some difficulty at Ellis Island got the girl into the United States on the passport of the dead daughter. Dissatisfied with the illiteracy of the Sawiska girl, the immigration officers sought to make further inquiries, but the Stefanin family had moved from its former Massachusetts home.

When finally found here Mrs. Stefanin at first denied having the girl with her, but later admitted her presence and begged that she be allowed to stay, asserting that Victoriya's sixty-year-old mother was so poor the girl would have to beg on the streets if returned to Poland.

Because Victoriya is illiterate, however, the immigration authorities were firm, and she was taken yesterday to Boston, whence she is to be put on a ship for Poland.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Pach Photograph Co.,

150 Broadway
New York

Alexander L. Pach
General Manager

The British Deaf Times

An illustrated magazine newspaper
for the Deaf

Published every two months

EDITED BY
ALFRED SHANKLAND

LEADING ORGAN OF THE DEAF
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

Edited and controlled by the Deaf
Independent, Interesting, Outspoken,
and Honestly Impartial

Annual subscription—single copies (pre-paid) 60. Those who prefer to send a dollar bill will be credited with twenty months' subscription.

Send a picture postcard for specimen copy.

The British Deaf Times.

26, Victoria Park Road E., Canton
CARDIFF, ENGLAND

BONDS OF Wide Variety

Goodyear Tire & Rubber..	5%
Chile Copper.....	5%
Fairbanks, Morse & Co....	5%
New South Wales.....	5%
Boston & Maine R. R....	5%
Congree Square Hotel....	5½%
Associated Gas & Electric....	5½%
Cuba Northern Railways..	5½%
Leipzig City Bank.....	5½%
By-Products Coke.....	5½%

Prices given on enquiry

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds

18 West 107th Street,
New York City

Correspondent of

LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.

When You Turn Me Away

with the promise that you will insure next week, next month or next year, do you ever reflect how very uncertain it is whether I can do you any good then?

May it not be too late?
And how do you know if you can pass?

I invite you to consider my proposition. No extra cost for deafness. No charge for physical examination. Rates are low.

MARCUS L. KENNER

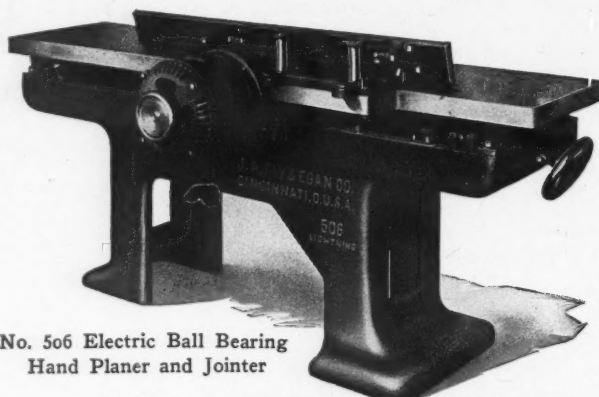
Eastern Special Agent
New England Mutual Life
Insurance Co.

200 WEST 111TH STREET,
NEW YORK

Your policy
is your protection—
Your agent, your friend

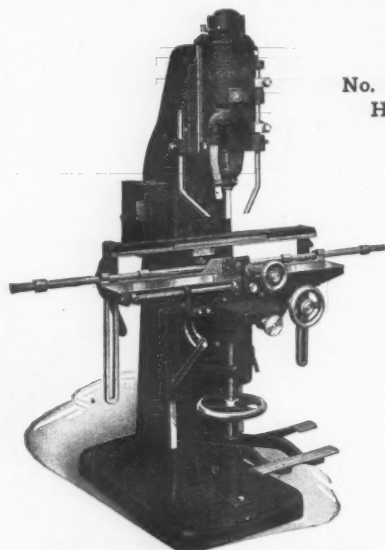
TOOLS WHICH QUALIFY STUDENTS --- AS FUTURE SKILLED MECHANICS

Fay & Egan Manual Training Equipment is used by all the leading Colleges and schools in the country.



No. 506 Electric Ball Bearing Hand Planer and Jointer

Train your Students on standard woodworking tools. These tools are used by the large manufacturers.



No. 509 Electric Ball Bearing Vertical Hollow Chisel Mortiser

SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF WHICH HAVE INSTALLED FAY & EGAN MANUAL TRAINING EQUIPMENT

STATE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Fulton, Missouri.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Talladega, Alabama.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Little Rock, Arkansas.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Colorado Springs, Colorado.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Cave Spring, Georgia.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Jacksonville, Illinois.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Portland, Maine.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Flint, Michigan.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Jackson, Mississippi.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Trenton, New Jersey.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Devils Lake, North Dakota.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

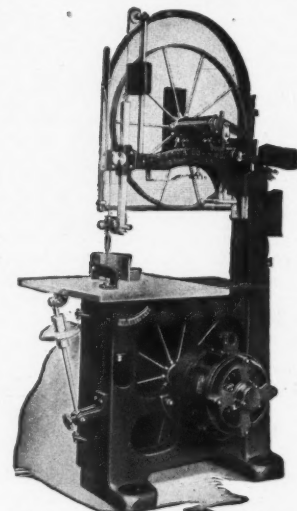
Columbus, Ohio.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

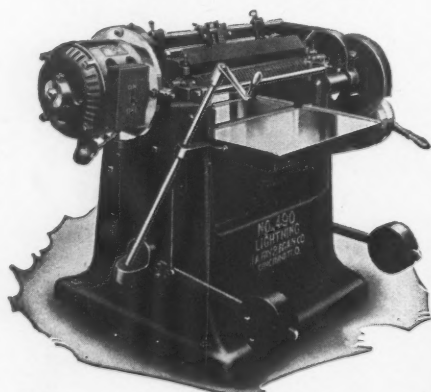
Newport News, Virginia.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

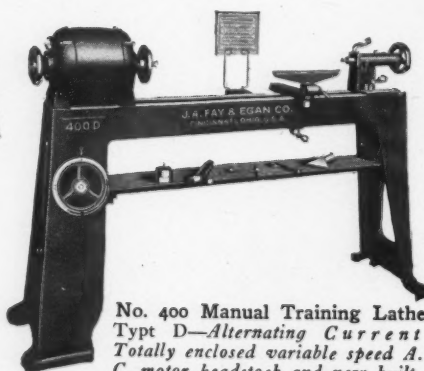
Staunton, Virginia.



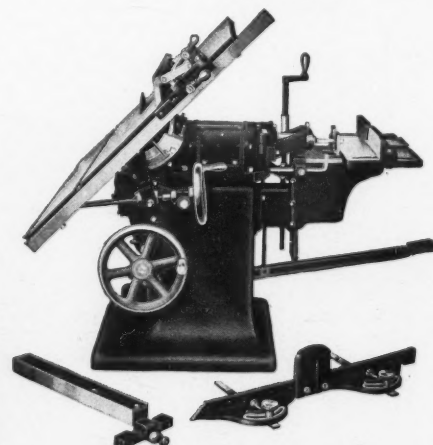
No. 50 Electric Ball Bearing Band Saw



No. 490 Electric Ball Bearing Single Cylinder Surfacers



No. 400 Manual Training Lathe
Type D—Alternating Current
Totally enclosed variable speed A. C. motor headstock and new built-in control



No. 500 Electric Ball Bearing Variety Saw



J. A. Fay & Egan Company

Established 1830

2800-2900
Roberston Ave.,

Oakley,
Cincinnati, Ohio

WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF WOODWORKING MACHINERY

Lest You Forget

The SILENT WORKER has been serving the Deaf for thirty-nine years. It has always improved and will continue to improve if the Deaf keep faith with us. The SILENT WORKER is in a class by itself; there is nothing like it in the world and its equipment is unequalled. To keep it going

THE DEAF MUST SUPPORT IT WITH THEIR BRAINS AND THEIR DOLLARS

When you renew your subscription ask a friend or two to subscribe also, or better still get as many as you can. Once a subscriber, always a subscriber. Only \$2.00 a year and if you are a Nad we pay half your dues, \$2.50. Send to

THE SILENT WORKER
Trenton, N. J.

The Buff and Blue

a college magazine

Published by the Undergraduates
of

Gallaudet College

*The only college for the Deaf
in the world*

The Buff and Blue is a literary publication containing short stories, essays, and verse, contributed by students and Alumni. The Athletics, Alumni and Local departments and the Kappa Gamma Fraternity notes are of great interest to those following Gallaudet activities.

Every deaf person should be a reader of the Buff and Blue. Subscription \$1.50 a year.

Gallaudet College
Washington, D. C.

The Silent Worker Subscription Offer

	Silent Worker	Both	Saved
The Advocate of English and Speech for the Deaf (Rochester, N. Y.) . \$.50	\$2.00	\$2.00	\$.50
The Alabama Messenger (Talladega, Alabama)50	2.00	.50
The American Annals of the Deaf (Washington, D. C.)	2.00	2.00	3.50
The American Boy	2.00	2.00	3.60
The Colorado Index (Colorado Springs, Colorado)50	2.00	2.00
The Illinois Advance (Jacksonville, Illinois)50	2.00	2.00
The Kentucky Standard (Danville, Kentucky)75	2.00	2.25
The Missouri Record (Fulton, Missouri)	1.00	2.00	2.25
The Nebraska Journal (Omaha, Nebraska)50	2.00	2.00
The Oregon Outlook (Salem, Oregon)50	2.00	2.00
The Pelican (Baton Rouge, Louisiana)50	2.00	2.00
The Register (Rome, New York)50	2.00	2.00
The School Helper (Cave Springs, Georgia)75	2.00	2.25
The Silent Worker Supplement (to New Jersey only)	1.00	2.00	2.00
The Virginia Guide (Staunton, Va.)	1.00	2.00	2.25
The Volta Review (including membership in the A. P. O. S. D.	3.00	2.00	4.50
The Washington (Vancouver, Washington)50	2.00	2.00
The West Virginia Tablet (Romney, West Va.)	1.00	2.00	2.25
We And Our Government	1.50	2.00	2.50
We And Our History	1.80	2.00	2.80
We And Our Work	1.15	2.00	3.00
Life Membership in the N. A. D.	10.00	2.00	11.50
Yearly Dues National Association of the Deaf	1.00	2.00	2.50
Membership in National Association of the Deaf	1.00	2.00	2.50
Winston Simplified Dictionary	1.20	2.00	2.70

(Those already life members may send \$1.50, provided letters of credit are shown.)

